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THE WESTERN.

H. H. MORGAN, - - Editor.

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PROSPECTUS

OF

"THE WESTERN."

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THE WESTERN.

NEW SERIES.] MAY, 1878. [VOL. IV, No. 3.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF MACHIAVELLI.

Before attempting any consideration of the writings of an author so generally condemned as Machiavelli, it is necessary to consider the age in which he lived; and, now that the unification of Italy under the House of Savoy is a fixed fact, it is an interesting study to contrast the Italy of to-day with the Italy of the past.

We see her to-day a constitutional monarchy, with ancient Rome for her capital, with all the petty sovereignties of the past obliterated; and, from the eternal snows of the Alps to the sunny shores of Sicily, we see the same laws, the same institutions, and a happy, prosperous, and contented people. All this we have seen brought about in our own day. Only a few short years ago and the idea of Italian unity was regarded as the utopian dream of mere enthusiasts.

Had some prophet, gifted with divine foreknowledge, predicted in Machiavelli's day that the hour would come when a king of united Italy, the chief of a constitutional government freely chosen by the nation, would rule a contented people from Lombardy to Naples, his prediction would have been laughed to scorn by the myrmidons of despotism.

Yet all this, and more, which only a few years back

seemed but an idle dream, is to-day a pleasing reality, gladdening the hearts of all who glory in the triumph of a nation's freedom and a people's rights. Even during the early part of the present century the condition of Italy seemed to forbid the idea of its ever becoming one united kingdom; and amid gloom and danger was laid the foundation of Italy's freedom, by the honest policy of an honest prince. The accomplishment of that freedom was worked out by the master-mind of Camillo Cavour, who shaped the policy so wisely pursued, and guided his country through innumerable difficulties to the high destinies of a glorious future.

Now, let us glance at the Italy known to Machiavelli, and for which he wrote. The principal rulers of his day were the Medici at Florence, the pope, the Venetians, the Duke of Milan, and the King of Naples. It was for Italy an age of mourning and of shame. That monster of human depravity, Alexander VI., was enthroned at the Vatican, and his infamous son, Cæsar Borgia, was his accomplice in every species of crime. The Sforza had, by treachery and fraud, made themselves masters of Milan; an odious oligarchy ruled at Venice; the sovereignty of Naples was disputed between France and Spain; and the democratic spirit of the Florentine republic was now completely dominated by the tyranny of the Medici. It was an era of usurpation, of violence, and of fraud; and all the Italian princes recognized it as a maxim of State — that the end justifies the means.

The same moral rottenness ruled the balance of Europe. Ferdinand of Spain was as perfidious and false-hearted a monarch as ever lived; Richard III., of infamous memory, ruled in England; and of Louis XI., Hallam says: "If he did not invent, he certainly was one of the best cultivators of, fraud;" and Scott has given us, in "Quenten Durward," many dramatic instances of his perfidy. His son and successor, Charles VIII., continued all the traditions, without

having any of the talents, of his tyrannical father; and the duplicity of Ferdinand was fully equaled by that of his grandson and successor, Charles V.

And yet this shameful age gave to Italian literature the historians Machiavelli, Guicciardini, and Nardi; the poets Ariosto and Tasso; sent Christopher Columbus to discover a new world; and gave to art the grand names of Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Titian, Michael Angelo, and all that glorious cohort who gave renown to Italian art, and peopled Italy with so many marvels.

Machiavelli was born and lived amid the greatest political troubles of Florence. He came of a long line of republican dignitaries, who had filled many important offices in the state, thirteen of his name having held the high office of gonfalonier, or chief magistrate, of the republic. He was born in 1469, during the mild reign of Piero de Medici, the son of Cosmo, and he was still but a babe when Piero was succeeded by his son Lorenzo the Magnificent, under whose glorious reign Florence reached her highest fame.

Machiavelli was ten years old at the time of the celebrated conspiracy of the "Pazzi," which came so near extinguishing the Medici. Giuliano, the brother of Lorenzo, was slain, but Lorenzo, against whom the conspiracy was particularly aimed, escaped his foes and lived to become the greatest of his race. The whole family of the Pazzi, and all their associates in this conspiracy, expiated their crime by death; and Machiavelli has given, in his history of Florence, the details of the executions which followed with all the graphic reality of an eye-witness, though he was but a boy at the time.

The slain Giuliano left an illegitimate son, whom Lorenzo took into the family and made the companion and equal of his own sons. This left-handed scion of the family became a Knight of Rhodes, was made a cardinal when his cousin, the second son of Lorenzo, became pope as Leo X., and finally reached the papal throne himself as Clement VII.

He was a warm patron of Machiavelli, and to him the Florentine history is dedicated.

Machiavelli was twenty-three years old when the death of Lorenzo de Medici again exposed Florence to all the dangers of internal dissension, while at the same time destined to share in the long-continued woes produced by the rapid invasion of Charles VIII.

The history of the causes and results of that invasion is not within the province of this article, except so far as it affected the fortunes of Machiavelli.

Suffice it to say that to Ludivico Sforza, the usurping Duke of Milan, belongs the infamous honor of bringing upon his unhappy land the Cis-Alpine invaders, who wrought upon Italy woes unnumbered. Upon his invitation Charles VIII. decided to attempt the conquest of Naples, of which kingdom he claimed to be the legitimate heir; while Ferdinand and Isabella announced their intention of defending the bastard branch of Arragon, then upon the Neapolitan throne. Charles rapidly advanced with a well-appointed army, and in November, 1494, reached the borders of Tuscany. Piero de Medici, the oldest son of Lorenzo, was then at the head of the government; and his pusillanimous and vacillating conduct in this crisis soon gave the Florentines an opportunity to throw off their wearisome yoke. So, after seventy years of authority, exercised with sovereign pomp, the family of the Medici were expelled from Florence.

The republic was reëstablished — and now commenced the political career of Machiavelli. After one or two minor appointments, he was, in 1498, chosen to the office of chancellor of the signory; and in the following month received from the Council of Ten the appointment by which he is known to posterity as "Secretary of the Florentine Republic." He held that office fourteen years, and the rapid development of his political genius may be easily traced in his voluminous diplomatic correspondence. His letters,

embracing a wide range of topics, are models of political writing; and in their masterly grouping of salient points display a classic style that is rarely equaled. These letters were first published in 1767; and they presented Machiavelli in a new light, changing many preconceived opinions of his character, and proving so valuable to the historical student that they be regarded as the most instructive of his writings.

The unhappy troubles of his country, during the greater part of his public life, gave great employment to Machiavelli's diplomatic talents, and the confidence of his government is amply shown by the frequent recourse that was had to his services. He was sent upon twenty-three foreign embassies; four times to France, twice to the emperor, and several times to Venice and the pope. He was twice sent on embassies to that incomparable villain, Cæsar Borgia, and was present at Senigaglia when Cæsar, by a masterpiece of treachery, secured his vengeance upon Vitellozzo Vitelli, Oliverotto de Ferno, and the Orsini; in the language of Macaulay: "At the moment when Cæsar's splendid villany achieved its most signal triumph, when he caught in one snare, and crushed at one blow, all his most formidable rivals."

In the succession of active diplomatic duties fourteen years of Machiavelli's life passed rapidly away; but another storm was brooding over unhappy Florence. The wars in southern Italy terminated in favor of Spain, and the great Captain Gonsalvo de Cordova finally drove the French from Italy. Alexander VI. was succeeded by that warrior pope, Julius II., and now, after eighteen years of exile, the Medici, like the Bourbons of France, returned to Florence in the train of a foreign army.

Persecutions immediately followed against the members of the former government. The Gonfalonier Soderini was driven into exile, and Machiavelli deprived of his office of secretary. His well-known republican sentiments made him

an object of suspicion, and his outspoken opinions constantly betrayed a spirit that pined after the golden days of his country's glory.

He was soon accused of conspiracy against the Medici, and to extort a confession he was put to the torture. It proved, however, to be a fruitless cruelty, for nothing could be proven against him; and the stern, enduring, and patient integrity of his conduct in that bitter moment afford a comment on the moral of his writings which the feeble malice of his later enemies cannot combat or contest.

Thus for a time ended the political career of Machiavelli; and, when released from his dungeon, he retired to the country and employed his restless energies in the composition of the remarkable works which have made his name famous for all time. All his works are animated by one thought — that of seeing the diverse states of Italy united under a single prince, who, at the head of a national army, could purge the peninsula of all foreign dominion. The old utopian dream of Italian unity, which, 350 years later, we have seen accomplished.

Machiavelli clearly saw that the ruin of Italy was due to their vicious military system, and while in power proposed a scheme for abandoning the use of mercenary troops and organizing a national army. He now, to still further advocate his views of military science, wrote his seven books on the Art of War. Like many of the writings of the ancients, this admirable work is in the form of a dialogue. The views of the author are expressed by Fabrizio Colonna, a famous general of the old Roman family of that name, and father of the equally celebrated Vittoria Colonna.

This work, written in an easy, vivacious style, suited to dialogue, is a complete exposition of Machiavelli's plan for creating a national militia, as the only safeguard of Italy against the invasions of foreign armies. He condemns the employment of mercenary troops, then universal in Italy, and the eloquent and animated language put into the mouth

of Colonna make the work delightfully interesting even to a non-military reader. As to the value of his tactics, we have the high authority of Frederick the Great, who warmly commends the military ideas of Machiavelli; though, in his critical essay upon "The Prince," he bitterly denounces his political doctrines.

We come now to the consideration of the work which has made the name of Machiavelli so odious, exciting against him a controversy that has continued, with no increase of judgment or decrease of acrimony, for 300 years, and which has made Machiavellianism a synonym for fraud, treachery, and violence. To again quote Macaulay: "The terms in which he is commonly described would seem to import that he was the Tempter, the Evil Principle, the discoverer of ambition and revenge, the original inventor of perjury; and that, before the publication of his fatal Prince, there had never been a hypocrite, a tyrant or a traitor, a simulated virtue or a convenient crime."

The Prince was dedicated to the young Lorenzo de Medici, son of Piero and nephew of Leo X., who then ruled Florence, and in impassioned language Machiavelli urges him to place himself at the head of a national army and free Italy from the domination of foreigners. With a patriotism worthy of Demosthenes, he writes: "If you would follow the example of those great and excellent men who have delivered their countries from the oppression of foreigners, it is necessary, as the only true foundation of every enterprise, to provide yourself with an army of your own subjects. Such an opportunity as the present ought eagerly to be embraced, so that Italy, after her long sufferings, may at last see her deliverer appear. Let me, therefore, urge your illustrious family to embark in this undertaking, with that spirit and magnanimity, and with that confidence of success which just and noble enterprises always inspire; so that, under your auspicious banners, our country may not only be delivered from bondage, but recover its ancient renown,

and the prophecy of Petrarch, in the following stanza, be at last accomplished:

> 'When virtue takes the field,
> Short will the conflict be;
> Barbarian rage shall yield
> The palm to Italy.
> For patriot blood still warms Italian veins;
> Though low the fire, a spark at least remains.' "

Nobler words were never written; but the spirit of the age was against such noble deeds, and Lorenzo de Medici was not of the stuff of which heroes are made.

It is true that in other parts of this work Machiavelli, in his anxiety for a chief of United Italy, holds up the crime-stained life of Cæsar Borgia as an example worthy to be followed; but it was on account of the noble aim proposed, for which it was necessary to have, not only an adroit statesman, but a brave and able general — ambitious, unscrupulous, and powerful enough to command success.

It is such men who found empires; and the hope for such a man explains Machiavelli's enthusiasm for Cæsar Borgia so long as he was successful; as well as his love for the young Lorenzo de Medici, from the day when, seeing him supported by the pope and solidly seated upon the throne of Florence, he could hope to see him at the head of United Italy.

Full of the glorious souvenirs of Pagan Rome, Machiavelli blushed to see Italy trodden under the hoof of a foreign invader, and tributary to nations which were formerly chained to her triumphal car. Modern Italy has pardoned his faults and accomplished his dream. And the faults were those of the age. It was an age of despots; and the princes of Italy were models of falsehood, perfidy, and violence, while even the vicars of Christ did not scruple at the most repulsive crimes. To attempt to deal with such princes loyally, generously, or frankly, would have been simply to

play the role of a dupe, and Machiavelli has, in The Prince, merely crystallized into precepts what everybody practiced.

The Prince, so bitterly censured by succeeding popes, was received with approbation by Leo X.; and the increasing literary reputation of Machiavelli paved the way for his return to public life. Leo invited him to prepare a plan for the government of Florence, and soon after sent him on a mission to Venice. But a still more important political career opened before him when, after the death of Leo X., and the brief reign of his successor, the Cardinal de Medici was elected to the papal throne as Clement VII.

Machiavelli found in him a firm and constant friend, and in the various missions with which he was now intrusted he displayed all that profound diplomatic talent which so greatly distinguished him.

The celebrated Cardinal Pole was the first to attack the supposed doctrines of Machiavelli; and in 1555, when invoking the thunders of the Vatican against Henry VIII., he hurled against him as a last imprecation the name of Machiavelli.

Paul IV. finally interdicted the publication of The Prince, and it was put into the *Index Expurgatoris*. And from that day to this the work has been denounced in unmeasured terms by men of the most diverse political and religious opinions. Jesuit priests and Protestant ministers, absolute monarchists and red republicans, Frederick II. and Voltaire, Bishop Potito and Merle d'Aubigné, have vied with each other in the bitterness of their imprecations.

Machiavelli has found equally able defenders in men like Lord Bacon, Rousseau, Alfieri, and Macaulay; who, while condemning many of his precepts, admired him for the moral rectitude of his conduct, his steadfast and manly fortitude in adversity, and for the luminous intellect that gave life to all his actions.

The discourses on the First Decade of Livy, which fol-

lowed The Prince, have received almost as much denunciation; although dozens of pages might be quoted showing a lofty patriotism, an ardent love of liberty, and an utter detestation of every form of tyranny, yet they contain many of the blemishes so apparent in The Prince — sentiments shocking to our ideas of morality, but due more to the moral turpitude of the age than to any depravity of the man. Indeed, in all his political writings, Machiavelli seems to be an enigma beyond comprehension. His works seem full of incongruous elements, displaying incorruptible integrity, great elevation of sentiment and purity of mind, and yet at times showing a laxity of moral principle beyond belief.

He was all his life a disciple of the ancients, and his writings owe their greatest charm to his constant study of the old Roman authors. In these discourses on Livy he devotes many an eloquent page to the days of Roman grandeur, when, under emperors like the Antonines, the entire nation enjoyed the blessings of peace; contrasting with bitter scorn his own degenerate age, and longing for another Scipio to again free Italy from foreign domination.

The historical works of Machiavelli are a more enduring monument to his fame than his political writings; for, while the latter are the obsolete doctrines of a past age, the histories are for all time.

The life of Castruccio Castracana, the aspiring Duke of Lucca, is but a brilliant fragment, and presents no true picture of the career of that remarkable man; but, in his history of Florence, Machiavelli has given us a mine of wealth, from which later historians have drawn, and will continue to draw, precious materials for the history of that commonwealth.

Any one familiar with the verbose, and somewhat turgid, style of Sismondi, will turn with delight to the clear, concise, and candid statements of Machiavelli, who in terse and vigorous language has given us a graphic recital of the

varied fortunes of his native city. In his Introduction he rapidly sketches the condition of Italy from the fall of the Roman Empire, details the Gothic invasions and the sack of Rome, and describes the various revolutions which followed the death of Charlemagne; then in animated language relates the principal events of the history of Florence from the foundation of the city to the rise of the Medici, in 1434; and from that period proceeds in full and copious narrative to the death of Lorenzo the Magnificent, in 1492.

None of Machiavelli's works show more clearly than this his sagacious, unbiased mind; and the admirable grouping of his subjects, together with a classical elegance of diction, make it one of the literary models of the Italian language. Gibbon calls him "the noblest historian of the times;" and his descriptions are, indeed, perfect gems of art, brilliant with pure intellect, carefully constructed, and artistically polished. In his portraits he has given us personal pictures of vivid and dramatic interest; and, though written under the patronage of Clement VII., then chief of the Medici, he does not hesitate to portray the characters of Cosmo and Lorenzo in their proper light. His lofty spirit could not truckle to power, and in reading this luminous work we are impressed with the frank candor of the author and with the truthfulness of the scenes described.

One of the rare minds which embellished the age, few authors have left to posterity a richer store of varied wisdom than Machiavelli. The severe simplicity of his antique virtue, and the subtle and eloquent reasoning of his wonderful intellect, give a charm to his work that is not often surpassed. He died in 1527, and his ashes lie beside those of Michael Angelo, in that Pantheon for great Italians, the church of Santa Croce, in Florence, where, in protest against the insults of Cardinal Pole, Lord Cowper, another Englishman, erected a noble monument to his memory.

That monument should be approached with reverent homage, now that Italian unity has accomplished his life-long dream. Machiavelli only knew Italy oppressed by

the curse of foreign tyranny and the miseries of anarchy, and it would be gratifying to believe that from beyond the grave he saw the bronzed legions of Victor Emmanuel enter Rome, where, rallied around their chosen king, they were not only soldiers of a national army, but citizens of a free state.

FRANK FITZ RANDOLPH.

SPRING.

BY LEWIS J. BLOCK.

Beautiful is the spring-time. Now all the leaves and grasses,
Blooms sweet-colored, and winds mild-winged, return in their freshness;
Winter is dead, and all the time of ruin and wailing.
Sweetly smiling, and promising purple delights in the summer,
Spring sets her foot on the earth, and, in answer to her enchantment,
Light comes back to the world like a sunrise warm and golden.
Who refrains from rejoicing, or who remains in the bondage
Winter, with mistily-falling snows, and bands of ice like iron
Fashioned, and held us in, soul and body? Weary longings
Troubled our hearts for the coming of spring, and life, and the sunlight.
Now, like a sea miraculous, flooding the land as with laughter,
Comes the dominion of flower, and leaf, and low-bowing grasses.
Surely now shall return the dominion of smiles and rejoicings;
Surely now back to their fastnesses in the sad spaces of sorrow,
Doubt, and fear, and weeping shall flee like snows in the sunshine.
Ah, my heart, shall not youth and the bliss of its marvelous visions,
Cloud-shapes fantastic, woven in hours of hope, and unshadowed
Faith, that filled with a glory as of suns supernatural the deep sky,
Doming the ancient half-forgotten dreamings — ah, my heart, say,
Shall they return and reclothe and relume, as with luster of blossoms,
All the bleak spaces sorrow and years, like ice-girdled winter,
Have made in the soul? Ah, my heart, canst thou not make responses,
Stilling the clamors that din in thine ears, and noises of weeping,
Half-suppressed as for shame and the courage of desperation?
Seemeth it all in vain? Nay, useless are dreams and questioning.
Never returns the past, nor the things having been which are not;
Never returns the power which turned, like a wand Mercurial,
Sorceries of pain into weird and mystical enchantments of pleasure;

Nor the touch, like that fabled of old in the fingers of Midas,
Potent to spiritualize to golden and lovely resplendence
All the dull shows of the life we spend our breath in the living.
Take thou the day and the hour. What though the sun be hidden;
What though the clouds be weaving their gray and gloomy engirdment
For the pale welkin; what though the air be solemn and heavy;
Life, and time, and labor remain thee, and, in the spring-time,
Swift memorial gleams of the sweet-voiced times which return not,
Clouds in flocks o'ertraveling the deep blue concave, blossoms,
Birds, and winds in whose hearts reposes the measureless sunshine.

MICHAEL ANGELO AS PROPHET.

TRANSLATED FROM MICHELET'S HISTOIRE DE FRANCE.

In respect to art, the sixteenth century showed little progress over the fifteenth. Art was great, but she was a slave, dependent upon the individual. She who had been courted by the people became herself a suppliant of kings. Indeed, art itself seemed organized in a monarchical manner. Her great masters, kings of painting or of sculpture, appear isolated, even among a nation of artists. Da Vinci, Michael Angelo, are great solitaries. Raphael is one of a school, it is true; but while he lived he alone appeared, he alone gave his name to the common work. A legion of painters are absorbed in him. Art seemed, too, to have removed herself far from the life, the struggles, and the misfortunes of the times, and to have entrenched herself in indifference. For me, as much an admirer as any one of the great school called Raphael, which has covered the world with paintings, I am astonished at its repose, its strange serenity, in the midst of the most tragic events. These impassable Madonnas, did they know anything of what their living sisters were enduring at the hands of a Borgia, at the sack of Forli and of Capua? These philosophers of "The School of Athens," could they reason and

calculate on the day of the sack of Brescia? And this Psyche, painted twice by Raphael, with so much grace throughout all her long history, has she not heard the frightful cry of Milan, tortured by the Spaniards who will be at Rome to-morrow? The frequent comparison made between Virgil and Raphael really does the former a cruel injustice. The charm of Virgil, his saintly grace, lies precisely in this: he has invariably suffered with Italy. However foreign to him may be his subject, his soul is always touched. You feel everywhere, with an infinite compassion, that the poor countryman of Mantua, the last and unfortunate representative of the old Italian population, has within him a world of sorrow. Poet of the exile in the first eclogue, and in so many different passages, he is the same in the official poetry that his patrons demanded of him. In the triumphal ode which they caused him to execute in honor of a grandson of Augustus, he wishes to be joyful, and he weeps. What rises to his lips is the eternal exile of Tereus, who has lost the appearance, but not the heart and remembrance, of a man. "Unfortunate! in his flight he returns once more to hover over the hearth that once was his."

Where was the soul of Italy in the sixteenth century? In the graceful placidities of Raphael? In the sublime calm of Leonardo da Vinci, centralizer of the arts, prophet of the sciences? True, this last, who so much desired insensibility, who said, "flee the storm," has, whether he desired to do so or not, left in the St. John, in the Bacchus, and even in La Jaconde, in the nervous and melancholy smile which all these strange heads have upon their lips, a sad trace of the restlessness of the Italian genius, of the unquiet fever that it covered with a false hilarity, with the badinage — rather nimble than gay — of Pulci and of Ariosto.

A man was born suited to the times — a heart, a true hero.

Have you seen in the Last Judgment, near the center of this immense scroll, the one for whom the demons and angels contend? Have you seen in this figure, and in

others, the eyes that swim, yet force themselves to look upward; the mortal anxiety of the soul, where struggles two infinite contraries? True image of the sixteenth century, divided between old and new beliefs; image of Italy among nations; image of man as he was then; true image of Michael Angelo himself.

It has been admirably said: "Michael Angelo was the conscience of Italy. From his birth to his death his work was the Judgment." (A. Dumesnil, l'Art Italian.)

It is not necessary to draw attention to the first Pagan sculpture of Michael Angelo, nor to the Christian efforts that vexed his life. In St. Peter he had no vision of the triumph of Catholicism; he only dreamt of the triumph of the new art — the completion of the great victory of his master, Brunelleschi, before whose work (in Florence) he caused his tomb to be placed, in order, as he said, that he might contemplate it through all eternity. He is the product of two men, Savonarola and Brunelleschi. He is neither Pagan nor Christian. He is of the religion of the sibyls, of the religion of the prophet Elias, of the wild devourers of locusts of the Old Testament. His glory and his unique crown — none such before, none after — is to have given to art that newest and deepest thought — the thirst and aspiration for Right. Richly does he merit being called the defender of Italy, not for having fortified the walls of Florence in his later years, but for having, in the infinite days that followed and are to follow, shown in the Italian spirit, supplicating as a soul without reason, such a triumphant idea of Right as the world has seen not — sees not still.

Recall the circumstances of his birth, and it will easily be seen why he alone could accomplish this. Born in a city of judges (Arezzo), he had a judge for father. He was descended from the counts of Canossa, relatives of the emperors who founded, against the popes, the school of Roman

Law. It is not astonishing that his father gave him at birth the name of the angel of justice. It is said that Raphael's father gave his son the name of the angel of grace.

Arezzo — old Etruscan city, little decayed republic — was despised by the great banking cities; Dante himself gave her a blow in passing. All Italy mocked at justice. As heroic an effort as that of Brancleone would have been necessary in order to cause the sword of justice to be respected, and he who made it would have required the heart of a lion in order to execute his judgments — contested, as they surely would have been, by all. Michael Angelo might have been one of the warrior judges of the thirteenth century. He had the heart, the grandeur, of the great Ghibellines of that time; of the one whom Dante honors upon his bed of fire, or of the other of the tragic face: "Lombard soul, why the slow movement of thine eyes? One had said, the lion is in repose."

As he could not carry the sword of justice under this reign of money-kings, Michael Angelo took, in its place, the chisel. He has been the Brancleone, the judge, and the podesta of Italian art. He has executed in marble and in stone the high censure of the times. His life for nearly a century was a conflict — a continual contradiction. Noble and poor, he was educated in the house of the Medicis, where he was sometimes employed as sculptor of statues of snow. At soul republican, he served all his life princes and popes. Envy disfigured him. A rival was the cause of a deformity which he carried through life. Made to love and be loved, he remained forever alone.

His greatest contradiction, however, is in himself. Born a stoic, austere, proudly poised in duty, this heart was not a stone. It was not the rocky ball which Zeno tells us typifies the wise man; this was a great Italian soul, always drawn out of itself by the eager contemplation of the beautiful — the pursuit of the ideal. He was at the same time a

Zeno and a Plato. It is from this interior struggle, this contradiction, that he suffered — died, if one may say so — during all his long life.

Whoever had visited him at night — he slept but little — would have found him at work with a lamp upon his forehead, like a cyclop, and had believed he saw a brother of the Titans. And there was something of them in this genius. But under the Titan was the man. His only confidant, poetry, has revealed him to us. Every evening, after his simple repast of a little bread and wine, he wrote a sonnet, and always upon the same text — upon the impotent effort of the soul to give itself form, to free itself from the rude stone, to release from the marble the Idea — sole object of his desire — his austere fiancé.

Many times he wished to die. One day, when he had wounded himself in the leg, he barricaded his door and went to bed, wishing never to rise again. A friend, seeing this door that no longer opened, was struck with fear, sought, found, a passage, and, reaching him, at last forced him to allow himself to be tended and cured.

Why this despair? He has confided it to no one; but we — we shall explain it. Because his soul infinitely exceeded his destiny, his talents even, prodigious as they were; because he twice missed his work — Death and the Judgment.

The monument of Death should be a tomb. The violent Julius II., in his infinite ambition, had dared to accept for his mausoleum the plan of Michael Angelo, a plan so great that it would have been a temple within a temple, true tomb for a Cæsar or an Alexander the Great. It was to have supported forty *colossi* — of the virtues, of the conquered kingdoms, of religions, of Moses, and of St. Paul. Heaven was to rejoice there, and Earth was to weep. There should be exhibited, in this fitting place, that profound study of the dead which he had made for ten years — almost forgetting the arts for the sake of anatomy. Everything was ready, and parts of the square of St. Peter already covered with

marble which he had himself sought at Carrara and brought thither by sea.

But the weather-vane turned. Julius II. changed his mind, for the pitiful reason suggested to him by Bramante, "That to build his tomb while living was a bad augury." There remains of the work only the Moses and two slaves; these last are at the Louvre.

Such was this government of an old man. The pope had reached a great age — death and life disputed for him; the government of the immutable was inconsistency itself. A priest, a monk, at the same time a prince and king of kings, he wished to enjoy what remained of life, and yet to perpetuate it by means of his family and his name. Julius II., whom they call a great pope; this conquerer, Julius II., who seemed born in order to be the true patron of Michael Angelo, deserted him on that day when his tempter, Bramante, presented to him the graceful figure of the painter of Madonnas, that astonishing youth in whom was the power of universal realization — Italy herself in her most prolific mood. Julius II. caused all other paintings to be effaced, and gave him the immensity of the Vatican to decorate.

Moses, in the meantime, unfinished but already formidable, reproached the pope with his vacillation — a work by no means flattering. From the marble a savage figure, which bore some resemblance to Savonarola, disengaged itself. The heart of Michael Angelo, full of the martyr, had transfigured him here. He has given to the statue the boldest trait — a something goat-like; which, according to history, marked this unique physiognomy — a figure part bestial and part superhuman; such a one as we might look to meet with in those days, so near the creation, when the two natures were not yet separated. The horns or rays on the forehead recall to mind the terrible goat of the vision, "That goeth forth in the strength of his loins, and striketh with horns of iron." The foot, violently raised upon the toe, seems ready to crush the enemies of God and the despisers of the law.

Moses is law — incarnate, living, pitiless; and, of all his works, this alone gave Michael Angelo a pure satisfaction of mind.

This is not one of those figures which it is wise to offer to the view of the powerful of the earth. Such as it recall too plainly the righteous judgments and the equality of atonement.

The pope had decidedly turned his back on Michael Angelo. He saw him no more. He allowed him to pay the marble-cutters with his own money. One day, when he had been seated for some time at the pope's door without any attention having been paid to him, he said to an attendant, "If his holiness asks for me, tell him I am no longer here," and he departed for Florence — for Constantinople, perhaps; the sultan had summoned him thither to build him a bridge. But five couriers arrived almost at the same time at Florence; five letters, one after another — expostulations, rage, threats; the pope will declare war if his sculptor is not returned to him. The sculptor made no sign. Julius II., conqueror of Bologne, was at the apogee of his choleric pride. The poor magistrate, Soderini, was frightened. "We could not," said he to Michael Angelo, "go to war for you. Return! we will send you honorably, as an embassador of the republic." The scene was delightful. Julius II., leaning upon his staff, regarded him with fury. "So," said he, "thou wouldst have waited for me to come for thee." A bishop who happened to be present said awkwardly: "Pardon him, holy father, these men are clowns, who have no knowledge of anything beyond their trade." The pope, glad to have some one upon whom to vent his rage, fell upon the bishop: "Clown thyself!" cried he, and drove him from the room with a blow from his staff.

Meanwhile, this serpent, Bramante, had thought of a blow by which he might utterly dishearten Michael Angelo. He caused this senseless pope to order him — him, a sculptor —

to paint the Sistine Chapel. Michael Angelo, who only knew this of fresco, that there was such a thing; who had never touched brush or color in its composition, was to be placed publicly in competition with the most facile, the greatest of painters, by the enormous work of painting the whole of this little church — 200 feet long by 100 feet in height. He was terrified and endeavored to elude the undertaking, but all to no purpose. The pope was inflexible. Michael Angelo called some of the best masters of fresco painting from Florence, to work after his designs. They did not please him, however; and, after a little time, he paid and dismissed them, wishing that he might never see them again. From that moment he shut himself up in the chapel — painted alone, prepared, ground, and mixed his colors alone. Terrible trial! — of a nature to kill the strongest man; and, when he had partly finished his work, he believed that all was lost. The lime dried so slowly that the painting was covered in places with moisture.

This that was strongly in Michael Angelo's favor was that the Sistine Chapel, built by Sextus IV., uncle of Julius II., was only a secondary thought for the present pope, who intended the construction of St. Peter to be the glory of his pontificate. Michael Angelo obtained permission to carry the key of the chapel and refuse himself to all visitors. This, of course, did not include the pope, whom he did not dare to refuse, but he made the way so difficult, leaving no access to the scaffold but by a ladder of pegs, that the old pope did not dare to undertake it. This obscure and solitary vault, in which he passed at least five years (1507–1512) was for him a cave of Carmel, and he lived like Elias. He had a bed — upon which he painted — suspended from the ceiling. No society but that of the prophets and the sermons Savonarola.

In what order should we study this sibylline book? This is one of the most difficult questions that can be proposed to the critic — the one which has most often embarrassed us.

Nothing is more important than the logical filiation of the ideas, the true chronological series of the works, in this chief production of the renaissance.

We shall not dwell upon the Last Judgment, which was painted long after, in the old age of the master (1533–1541). It is in the vault, and much more and above all in the intervals between the windows, that he stands most fully revealed to us.

An expression of Vasaris tells us "that, the first part having been discovered, Raphael, who saw it, painted in imitation his prophets and sibyls of Sainte-Marie della Pace." Further on: "That the remainder was finished in twenty months, after which the chapel was finally opened for All-saints-day (November 1, 1512)." It was then, in this absolute solitude, in the years 1507, 1508, 1509, 1510, during the war of the League of Cambray, when the pope aimed the last stroke at Italy, in destroying Venice, that the great Italian created his prophets and sibyls — accomplished this work of sorrow, of sublime liberty, of obscure presentiment, of penetrating light. The lamp that the grand old cyclop carried on his brow, in the obscurity of his vault, shines for us still. It took him four years to accomplish this work. It has taken me thirty years to interrogate it. Not a year of that time has passed that I have not resumed the study of this Bible, this Testament, that is neither old nor new, but of an age still unknown; taken from the Jewish Bible, it has passed it and gone far beyond.

Dante, whom he followed later in the Last Judgment, and to whom he owed much, no doubt, does not appear here at all. Neither are the sibyls Virgilian; they are too strong and terrible. Their iron tripods are thrones of destiny.

At this part of his life he had lost sight of land as completely as had Christopher Columbus upon the ocean, seeing no more any signs of the shore. His immediate master,

whether he knew it or not, was no longer even Savonarola. He was the twelfth century, and the vision of Joachim of Florence, which Savonarola himself did not dare to read.

One should be careful not to go to the chapel, as so many do, during the solemnity of the Holy Week, and with the crowd. One should go there alone and secretly, as Pope Julius dared to do sometimes — till Michael Angelo frightened him by throwing down some planks. One should meet this *tête-à-tête*, alone. Reassure yourself, this painting, dulled and obscured by the smoke of incense and of tapers, has no longer the same touch of fear. It has lost in terror to gain in harmony, in sweetness; it partakes of the long patience, of the equanimity of time. It is blackened by age, but is none the less victorious, unsurpassed, and unapproachable.

The spectator is troubled at first; he cannot tell where he stands. He does not know, seeing on all sides these terrible faces, where to find a guide. These gigantic personages are so violently occupied that he does not dare address himself to them. For behold Ezekiel in a furious dispute. Daniel copies, copies, without stopping or breathing. Lybica is about to rise. Zachariah, without hair, one leg high and the other low, knows nothing about his fatiguing position in his frenzy of study. Persica — the nose sharpened, the figure deformed by age, wrapped in her old woman's mantle, which covers even her head — having read the future so long for others, now reads for herself out of a little book, on whose illegible characters she fixes her glowing eyes. She reads at night, and late, doubtless, for I see near her the beautiful Erythrea, who, in order to write, rekindles her fire and puts fresh oil into her lamp. Wise and studious sibyls, fit types of the sixteenth century. The youngest is the only antique Delphica, who thunders from her tripod. A virgin, yet fruitful; filled with the Spirit, which swells her broad bosom, breathes from her nostrils, and glances like lightning from her eyes.

Great breadth and great soul! What free air circulates here!—out of all limit of nations, of time, or religion. All the Old Testament is here. This is its overflow. No sign of Christianity. Salvation has not come. Nothing speaks of it. All speaks of judgment. These angels even — are they angels? I do not know. They have no wings. Beings apart, children of Michael Angelo, they never had, they never will have, any brothers; they belong to their father, to Hercules, and the Titans.

If David, over there in the corner, sings the future Savior, he must sing in a very low voice. No one seems to listen. Isaiah, his neighbor, profoundly absorbed, pays but little attention to the appeal of a child, who says to him, perhaps: "Listen!" He turns his head a little — his head, but not his spirit; in this mechanical movement his reverie continues, and will continue. What then? Had Michael Angelo broken with Christianity? No; but, visibly, he had forgotten it. That sweet paternal thought — salvation — so often repeated during the Middle Ages, served now only to contract the heart. A pardon that was really vengeance; the rod and scourging appeared so harsh that, henceforth, the world expected nothing but justice. Justice and the Judgment, the great expectation of a terrible future — this is what fills the Sistine Chapel. A shuddering of terror makes the very walls and vaults to tremble, and one knows not where to turn his eyes for comfort. Behold the terrified mothers who press their children to their breasts. There a figure, pale and wan, watches a wheel, which nothing can arrest, spin for him the irresistible, fateful thread. Another, looking in a mirror, sees reflected behind him, no doubt, some object so frightful that, his foot drawn up, he recoils, striking backwards against the wall. The same gesture is repeated often in the figures along the ceiling; hopeless figures who, nude, having no longer any sense of shame, shake the vault with the blows from their feet. They hear the thunder of the prophets rolling around them. It has

aroused them from deep slumber. We see it by their companions, who, starting out of their sleep, their hair erect with terror, try with trembling hands to gather their garments together, but, never seeing them, only confuse themselves the more.

Evidently the figures are not arranged in their logical order, but placed for effect — according to the exigencies of art and of light. To guide ourselves, however, it is necessary less to pay attention to those that speak than to those that listen. It is then that we commence to enter into the mysteries of this revelation. The point of departure, to our mind, is to be found in the beautiful sleeping woman who is below Ezekiel. This is the word of God to the prophet. "A child shall be born of thee." Literal truth. The prophetic word is, in fact, a reality and a being. The prediction assures the thing in the long run; the persistent incubation of the ages, the thoughts of fathers and the dreams of mothers, nourish the germ of life and accomplish the desired being. It is born — why? It was predicted. The word is its reason for being. This word to which God said: "Go, beget a child." But what child? what word? A child of justice; Justice itself.

Ezekiel, they say, was Jeremiah's servant. The least are the greatest. The servant knows more than the master.

His word, furious and cynical, couched in the most obscene symbolism, comprises the last revelation of the prophets, and is an epitome of all the rest. It is the one that destroys the impious doctrine of the vengeance of God. The vengeance that pursues the child *even to the tenth generation*, and forever damning the world for the sin of one.

The Ezekiel of Michael Angelo, his head wrapped in a Syrian turban (head of iron, head of a revolutionist — as he was), by an abrupt movement, which the painter has most happily seized, turns to an interlocutor whom we do not see — a doctor of Israel, no doubt — and, putting aside the law which he holds in his left hand, flashes at him the unan-

swerable text: "What mean ye, saith the Lord, that ye use this proverb: '*Our fathers have eaten sour grapes, and our teeth are set on edge.*' This is not true. I swear such a proverb shall no longer pass. Behold, all souls are mine. He who sins dies of his sin; he who is just lives. If the son is a robber, an usurer, a murderer, it recoils not upon the father. Then why more the father's sin upon the son? No; who sins pays for his sin himself."

This splendid light of the last of the prophets, this dashing to pieces of old superstitions, this foundation of justice, ended the cruel conflict of the disciple of Savonarola, who had long listened to the lamentations and felt the sorrows of Italy. She gave him her heart and opened wide her arms to him from that day when, from this high antiquity, eternal justice, through him, gave her this modern word: "No, evil comes not of itself, neither through the sins of others; no, man, it comes of thee."

Under the same prophet, opposite the sleeping woman, you see her again, but less young, awake, and a mother now. It is there before you now, strong and robust, this son of the word, this living word. The artist removes all your fears; see what strength, what muscles, he has already! He lives, this fruit of Justice.

"But I desire to know, O mother, how grew this child so great." Behold him there, under the feet of Persica. To the little book in which the old woman reads is opposed the little nursling. There he is, in swaddling clothes; he sleeps and dreams, the innocent, wrapped up like a mummy of Egypt, having neither arms nor legs visible; not yet able to do anything for himself, his eyes closed, and his head bare of hair. His mother leans over him, encircles him, embraces him, enveloping him with herself. Happily; for over them both — I see it in the floating robes — passes violently the breath of the Spirit. Sleep, little one; open not your eyes; let the whirlwind pass. And that envious sibyl whom I see above thy head — wicked old

virgin, whom one might almost call a witch — reads, without suspecting that what she reads is anything but a book, what is thy destiny to thee, thy feeble life, my child. His destiny, the little one, is with God's help to grow great, to eat of God's good food. You see him afterwards, delivered from his swaddling clothes, grown larger; he has feet now, hands and hair, too; he sees and observes. She whom he watches so attentively is his mother, who is making broth — his mother, who will be good and give it to him presently, little by little. She removes it from the fire and dispenses it with a prudent hand — *naïve* painting, tender work for so masculine a genius; and this is as it should be. Time is necessary, temperance is necessary; a little at a time, a little every day; life expands in him, intelligence comes, and more and more it will become luminous — make itself evident.

Is this the same child that a frightened mother presses to her breast — the same to whom is shown some object of terror behind him, while he, wishing not to see, stamps with terror? Is this he whom I see reproduced so many times — a majestic figure of heroic youth, between twelve and eleven years, become the Atlas of the prophets, carrying, without bending, these giants and demi-gods? See, the child is a people, an heroic people, born of justice and giving justice to the world!

But, before that fullness of time, ages upon ages shall pass, races upon races shall be born, and sorrow upon sorrow shall be endured! And in what abundance of tears does the sublime work move on! The artist himself could never have foreseen such a deluge of evil. What pierces the heart most is the families of pilgrims that are seated in the obscure angles — poor, weary travelers, who complain no longer, remain motionless, stupid with hunger and misery, their bags and staffs lying upon the ground, often their chins resting upon their hands, watching, coming along the road — what? They do not know themselves. But perhaps

something will come — an alms, it may be, for all Italy is mendicant, or becoming so. "A sou for Italy, I pray you." These women with the downcast eyes, what shall we give to them? What will relieve their humiliated hearts? So great their shame, they will never raise those eyes again.

"*Ah! ah! ah! Domine Deus!*" This is the impotent cry of Jeremiah. It is all that can come, through his tears, from a sorrow that is beyond all words. "*Ah! ah! ah! Domine Deus!*" Tears flow invisibly adown the long Oriental beard and thick tresses. His colossal head falls in his hand; he can no longer sustain it. But, if you should see what he sees, your heart would break. For him, he will never rise again from the seat where we see him weighed down and crushed by this heavy woe.

What he sees? It is not this alone that causes his tears; no, it is more; it is what is still to come. It is Ravenna, it is Brescia. Vast ruin and massacre of a people, that could have taken place at no other time than in 1512. Two years after this painting, it is the torture of Milan; later still, the sack of Rome — a world of art, a complete *cosmos*, drowned by one wave, effaced at one blow.

"There were two men still just and good." Alas! I see them there below Jeremiah. Find me, in this world, a better figure than that of the poor pilgrim whom I see at my right; feeble head, without prudence, the beard flowing in the wind. He has not known how to foresee events; this is why he roams the earth, begging for his bread. Behold the emigrant Italian, the eternal exile, who will roam forever, and know no rest till the Judgment Day. Ah, but he must tarry on the road! He is weary, he is old; he is bent already, and weighed down with fatigue; his poor back has bent under the weight of his wallet and become deformed. How can he go further? His knotty feet are so benumbed, he scarcely dare touch them to the ground; seated upon a stone, he does not seem able to move. Still, he must arise,

he must move, he must march forever on, that all may say, "Behold, Italy passes!"

This one goes, yet still lingers. But what shall be said of the other, opposite. Despair accomplished! Such unique agony as no other hand has ever dared to paint. From whence has he taken it? From a father who sees a robber take his child by the feet and strike it against a stone? A husband who, bound down, hears his dying wife call to him while an army passes over her body? He has all that in his eyes. He is changed into stone. His head is raised, his eyes are wide open, but he beholds nothing. But, see, he is dead — and he has cursed God!

You believe that this is all? No; there is a thing more abominable still — the residue of all abomination. Here the sorrow of the painter has been so great that he has lost the fine sense of the artist; I mean by this, that respect for beauty that art always preserves. When Da Vinci paints a lizard, a serpent, you feel yourself obliged to say, "The beautiful serpent." But here, alas! we see the desolating reality — human, low, degraded, vulgar. The child of the child of slaves pursues us with her low ugliness, in order to represent a living curse — the fatal infamy of a race sworn to crime, made to curse and blaspheme the day.

This miserable caryatid whom he has placed under Jeremiah is without comparison the saddest of all his works, and she was certainly conceived in his most somber mood — the day, perhaps, on which he shut himself in to die. Mean, stunted, gross, she has never grown; she has become shorter rather, under the load that since her birth has crushed her head. And yet, if this being, ill-formed and unhappy, should die without leaving trace. But, alas! — thing most lamentable to say — this is a woman; she will become the mother of a race of slaves, of outcasts, at whom the unbeliever will smile; a race of whom he will say, "Where, then, is God."

This is what perplexes Jeremiah so fearfully; for he has directly under him this cruel subjection. And, in looking at him more closely, I see he does not weep. A great horror absorbs him; an abyss of doubt, a gulf of gloom, a slough of thought in which he is swallowed up, and from which he cannot extricate himself.

Even the hand of Ezekiel would be powerless to draw him thence. How could he make him believe in final justice? From moment to moment his head grows heavier; he can scarcely support it. It almost touches his knee. If he could doubt everything; if he could make of his doubt a faith. But, no — not even that. He remains irresolute — a miserable shipwreck, like a sea-weed tossed backwards and forwards by the waves. Not a word to respond either to the lamentations of the world or to the cry of his own heart — his heart that says to him, "Liar! thou foretellest the reign of God; but, behold! it is the Devil reigns below." The Devil, under forms the most unexpected, the most unheard of. No longer the fantastic demon of the earlier ages, intended to frighten the simple. No; matured, full of diabolical arts, strong against God. Here, a demon-doctor in the market-place of Florence; demon-priest and demon-doubter, burning Christ in the name of Christ. There, a demon-monk under the rags of a devout Spanish soldier; demon of the *bisogni* (frightful name to the Italian), who, having made him the victim of extortion and torture, having *warmed* him, still says to the man, in whose throat the death-rattle may be heard, "Something for the poor soldier."

Dante did not see such things as this, even in his lowest circle; but Michael Angelo saw them, anticipated them, dared to paint them here in the Vatican, wrote the three words of Belshazzar's feast on the wall defiled by the Borgias. Happily, he was not understood. If he had been, the whole would have been effaced.

Every one knows how for many years he barred the door

of the Sistine Chapel; and how at last Julius II. said to him, "If thou delayest longer, I will throw thee from the top of the scaffold."

On the dangerous day when the door was at last opened, and the pope entered, followed by a splendid train, Michael Angelo perceived at once that his work was a closed book; that, seeing it, they saw nothing. Bewildered by the immense enigma, malevolent, but not daring to speak evil of these giants, from whose eyes flashed thunderbolts, all remained silent. The pope, desiring to appear pleased, and not wishing to appear overcome by the terrible vision, growled out these words: "But there is no gold in all that."

Then Michael Angelo, reassured, and confident of not being understood, replied to this futile censure, a smile upon his bitter and tragic mouth: "Holy father, the people above there did not belong to the rich of the earth; they were holy persons, who wore no gold and cared little for the goods of this world."

GERTRUDE GARRIGUES.

THE KNEELING NUN.

Suggested by the Painting "Awakened Thoughts," by H. C. Ives, Washington University.

BY LYMAN WHITNEY ALLEN.

The flush and gold from heaven's fair orb awakened,
Mantles earth's twilight with a glow divine;
Breaking through cloud-drifts, in soft, trembling glory,
Into the grand cathedral's sacred depths.
The wanton radiance plays through nave and aisle,
Laughs, in its glee, at virgins and at saints,
Kisses the Christ that hangs in sorrowing love,

And wreathes the altar with its sprays of light.
The martyrs smile, and lose their agony;
The lips of saints seem uttering benedictions;
The sculptured Christ forgets His pain, and joy
Plays on His features, wondrously divine.

A footstep falls upon the marble floor,
And, like some fair Madonna, a nun appears,
Slowly advancing down the vista aisle —
Down through the golden mists that gently wreathe
In soft aureolas her somber form —
Until at last she rests before a door
That opens out from all the sacred glory
Into a simple chapel's cool, dim gray.
She lingers for a moment at the door,
Turning her gaze into the glorious depths
Of the cathedral, while a sad, strange smile —
Something between a yearning and a hope —
Illumes her face, then slowly vanishes;
Such glittering splendor, where the world adores,
Brings neither peace nor quiet to the heart
That, like the great Prayer-teacher of the ages,
Is sealed to its Gethsemane of woe,
And from the world's deep tumult prays apart.
For the true spirit, lover of its Christ,
Needs not the gorgeous pavement, nor the dome
Stretching in lofty grandeur toward the heavens —
Nor yet the pictured windows, deeply glowed
With rich, warm harmonies of purpled gold —
But only heart-room for its murmured prayer
To mount up heavenward.

She enters.
A sacred quiet beautifies the spot,
And more than tenderly invites to prayer.
It is a place that lures the soul from earth;
Where love may holier grow with all the years;
Where passion pales, and hearts make sacrifice;
Where wearied, sin-tossed spirits find repose
And shelter from the storms that sweep without;
And where the yearning heart, in deepening peace,
Holds sweet communion with the gentle heavens,
And draws down tender sympathy to earth.

She reverently kneels before a shrine,
Where, just above, the balmy breeze of morn,
With breath of fragrant flowers perfumed o'er,
Is wafted through a window; where two doves —
White as the bosom of the virgin pure —

Fluttering, nestle, and with tender notes,
Sweeter than rapturous harmony, avow
Their love in soft caresses.
In fervent adoration, counting o'er
Her beads oft-numbered, she in silence prays
For strength to suffer and yet longer wait.
She trembles as she prays; her lovely face,
Pale as she knelt, warms with a holy glow.
Her deep-blue eyes, which seem the liquid depths
That ever mirror in their loveliness
The soul whose beauty angel's ne'er surpassed,
Gaze with a strangely far-off, yearning look
Into the depths of deeper blue beyond.
But suddenly a wanness pales her cheeks;
The crucifix and beads drop from her clasp;
Her eyes are riveted upon the doves,
Whose gentle whispers speak of other days.
But pallor quickly vanishes; a flush
Crimsons her face; the eyes grow tender, dim
With tears unbidden, and the quivering lips
Move with a strange emotion — sadly strange.

Oh beauteous doves! that through the wide expanse
Of heaven's blue may spread your pearl-like wings!
Who are the symbols of the unchained spirit
That soars forever through the realms of spirits!
Ye know not how the earth-imprisoned chafes,
Longs to be free, beating away its life,
Like some caged bird, against its confine bars,
To fall back prostrate, to repine and die.

Oh gentle doves! how fraught with joy your lot!
And mine? Oh mockery of life! the years
Were once the silvery, sacred chimes of love,
That rang their heart-enrapturing harmonies
Within the soul's deep chambers until life
Was one grand melody like angel anthems.
But now I only hear in lessening music
The echoes of their muffled minstrelsy
Adown the narrowing vistas of the past.
And now the trembling heart-strings only play
A wavering strain — a sad, funereal dirge,
Written with tears from deeps of lone despair.
And life was once like pearl-leaved lilies strewn
Upon the peaceful breast of crystal waves,
That lift the fragile flowers with gentlest touch,
To float in christened beauty evermore.
But now the crystal lake is frozen o'er;
The lily-pearl lies shattered in its rest —

The fit memorial of a heart that lies
Shrouded in cerements of frozen hopes.
Yet, why should I complain? Is not my life
A consecration to a higher life
Than that of earth? a life that grows
And widens with the widening years of God?
Can crucified Divinity from man
Ask less than life? or can man offer less?
And were my vows not of mine own desire,
Sealed evermore with hope of holier thoughts
And nobler deeds? Alas, humanity!
Can memories of happy years that cling
About the heart be ever disentwined?
Can woman's love, deep as the mighty sea,
Be widowed of its channel like some rippling brook?
Oh woman! with thy heritage of love
That binds the world in one great brotherhood;
That reigns supreme, but blesses while it rules;
That lifts sad earth unto the gentle heavens,
And brings the soul back to its earlier Eden —
Most blessed if thy mission be fulfilled!
And when the mellowed sunset-hues of life
Shall press to earth their last fond kiss of love,
And softly fade into the twilight gray,
All nature beautiful shall claim its own.
The shivering stars shall from their golden orbs
Resolve to looks of love. The frigid moon
Shall wax to tender sympathy, and melt
To fond caressings. And the eternal blue,
In loving benedictions doubly tender,
Shall bend to earth, and into earth shall breathe
The inspiration of its azure depths.

Oh happy doves! your loving accents fall
Like chrisms of gentle blessing;
But sorrow has an unction holier
With which she seals her children to herself;
For they who suffer are earth's hallowed spirits,
That like the graves of heroes consecrate
The soil on which the world forgetful treads.
Adown the dreary, lonely lengths of life
I wander sad, with none but heaven to guide —
A heaven that seems so far, so answerless;
No hand to lead through devious ways of life;
No smiles to cheer to greater energies;
No lips to tell of love, to fondly press
In rapturous devotion; no strong arms
To tenderly enclasp in fond embrace;

But from the throbbing, quivering heart-world shut
Forevermore — alone and desolate;
For life shall be the burden of the years,
And heavier grow with deeper sorrow fraught,
Till life shall end.

And then the soul-charged bark,
Tossed on the swirling, dreary waste of waters,
Shall sail far out beyond the raging flood,
Far out beyond the purple sunset shadows,
Into the deep, blue quiet, motionless,
Into the calm eternal-sunlight glory.
The ears shall catch the sweet, soft melody
Wafted from unseen angel minstrelsies.
The silver pillars, imaged on the waters,
Shall near and nearer seem. The gates of pearl
Shall open wide their doors, and, as they turn,
Shall waft from off their golden hinges — "Peace."
The bark shall anchor on the jasper shore,
And waiting wings shall bear the storm-tossed soul
Up golden slopes unto the welcoming Christ.
The everlasting, all-upholding arms shall clasp
The two whom death shall sunder nevermore.
And heart shall speak to heart, and soul to soul
Shall answer in the accents tenderest.
And years shall bring the growth of grander destinies,
With rich unfoldings of a larger life.

Yes, I can suffer; for the sorrowing nun,
In that great life, inwrought with nobler aims,
Shall be the stronger, grander, Christ-like grown.

SHAKESPEARIANA IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOL LIBRARY.

The WESTERN'S "Shakespeariana in the Mercantile Library" suggests the desirability of preparing a similar guide to the resources of the Public School Library; and the publication of Mr. Morgan's article facilitates the accomplishment of the design, in so far as the collections of the two institutions coincide. In this and succeeding issues of the WESTERN I propose to give a list of the

works on Shakespeare which are in the Public School Library; and, further, to point out other volumes, including magazines, which contain essays and articles on Shakespearean topics. Except in the cases of monographs, an index to contents will be added. A few books may be included which are not now in our possession, but will be shortly purchased. These will be noted by a dagger (†) affixed to the title. It is hoped that this publication will be of material service to the many readers and students of Shakespeare among our members, and that the number will grow larger with increased facilities for study and investigation.

The first paper will be upon the "Text of Shakespeare," and will include various editions of the poet's works, with such brief descriptions and notes as will aid members in selecting editions adapted to their purposes. It will comprise, also, Shakespearean bibliographies, and the publications of The New Shakspere Society, which contain reprints of original text, sources of plays, historical descriptions and allusions, criticisms, discussions, etc.[1]

Dramatic Works. — Boydell Edition. Text by Steevens. 9 volumes, fol. London, 1802.

Printed to accompany the Boydell Illustrations. Praised by Dibdin as a luxurious specimen of typography. More than ten years were occupied in its publication, for which it was "necessary to establish a printing-house on purpose to print the work, a foundry to cast the types, and even a manufactory to make the ink." * 67d.

Works. — Edited by Mary Cowden Clarke. Containing Biographical Sketch and Chronological Table of Shakespeare's Life; His Will; Dedication, Address, and Verses prefixed to Folios of 1623 and 1632; verbal and sentential Glossary. Illustrated. 2 volumes, royal 8vo. New York, 1864. * 67d.

Works. — Globe Edition. Edited, with Glossary, by Wm. G. Clark and Wm. Aldis Wright. 12mo. Philadelphia, 1866.

Probably the best of the small single volume editions. The numbering of the lines in each scene makes it especially convenient for certain uses. 67d.

Plays. — One to a Volume. Clarendon Press Edition. Comprising Merchant of Venice, Hamlet, Tempest, Macbeth, As You Like It, Lear, Richard III.

[1] Books marked with a star (*) cannot be taken from the Library.

Others in preparation. Expurgated Text. Prefaces and Notes by Clark and Wright, of Trinity College, Cambridge. 7 volumes, 18mo. Oxford, 1874–1876.

A convenient and reliable edition; one of the best for ordinary purposes. 67d.

PLAYS. — Romeo and Juliet, Julius Cæsar, Richard III., Merchant of Venice. With Notes by Dr. Otto Fiebig. 12mo. Leipsig, 1859. 67d.

PLAYS. — Romeo and Juliet, Macbeth, Hamlet. Variorum Edition; by H. H. Furness. Copious Notes, verbal and æsthetic; Interpretations of Great Actors, etc. 4 volumes, 8vo. Philadelphia, 1871–1877.

When completed, this will be the most valuable of all editions to the Shakespeare student. The editor is now at work upon Lear. 67d.

LEOPOLD SHAKESPEARE. — Complete Works, in Chronological Order, from Text of Professor Delius, with "Two Noble Kinsmen," and "Edward III." 8vo. Illustrated. New York, 1877.

Text not the best. The chief feature of this edition is the valuable and interesting introduction by F. J. Furnivall, director of the New Shakspere Society, giving a sketch of the poet's life, and an analysis of his genius and its development. 67d.

HISTORICAL SHAKESPEARE. — The "Histories," expurgated and adapted for Use of Schools, by Jno. W. S. Hows. 12mo. New York, 1863. 73c.

WORKS. — Text Carefully Restored According to the First Editions; with Introductions, Notes, original and selected, and a Life of the Poet, by Rev. H. N. Hudson. 11 volumes, 12mo. Boston, 1863.

The foot-notes give the results of extensive research and sound scholarship; while care has been taken not to make an oppressive display of learning. 67d.

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SCHOOL SHAKESPEARE. — Containing Sketch of the Poet's Life, State and Sources of Text, and the following Plays: As You Like It, Merchant of Venice, Twelfth Night, Henry IV., Julius Cæsar, Hamlet, Tempest, Winter's Tale, Henry V., Richard III., Lear, Macbeth, Antony and Cleopatra, Midsummer-Night's Dream, Much Ado About Nothing, Henry VIII., Romeo and Juliet, Cymbeline, Coriolanus, Othello. 3 volumes, 12mo. Boston, 1870–1873.

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WORKS. — Text from Folio of 1632. Contains a History of the Stage; Life

of the Poet; Introduction to each Play, with Notes by Knight, Dyce, Collier, *et al.* 8 volumes, 18mo. New York and Boston, 1864. .67d.

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POEMS AND SONGS. — With Memoir and Will. British Poets. 16mo. Boston, 1864. 67d.

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SONGS AND SONNETS. — Edited by Francis Turner Palgrave; with Notes and an Index. 24mo. London, 1865. 67d.

SONGS. — With Notes, glossarial and explanatory. A List of Songs set to Music, and an Alphabetical Register. 18mo. London: Virtue & Co. 1872. 67d.

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HALLIWELL, J. O. — Catalogue of the early Editions of Shakespeare's Plays, and of the Commentaries and other Publications illustrative of his Works. 8vo. London, 1841. 78.

Mullins, J. D. — Catalogue of the Shakespeare Memorial Library, Birmingham. Part I, English Edition of Shakespeare's Works. Part II, Works on, or illustrative of, Shakespeare and his Time. 8vo. Birmingham, 1872–1876. 78.

Thimm, Franz. — Shakespeariana from 1564 to 1864. An Account of the Shakespearean Literature of England, Germany, France, and other European Countries during three Centuries, with Bibliographical Introduction. Second Edition, containing the Literature from 1864 to 1871. 8vo. London, 1872. 78.

Winsor, Justin. — A Bibliography of the Original Quartos and Folios of Shakespeare, with particular Reference to Copies in America. With sixty-two Heliotype Fac-similes. Fol. Boston, 1876. 78.

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FRED. M. CRUNDEN.

FREDERICK BARBAROSSA.

[CONCLUDED.]

After having settled the quarrels of his princes, Frederick betook himself to settle his estates upon his sons. He caused the eldest, subsequently Henry VI., to be elected King of Germany at the Bamberg Reichstag, August 16, 1169. His second son, Frederick, got Suabia and the lands of the elder Welf, who, being an uncle to Henry the Lion by his brother, and also uncle to Frederick by his sister, had left his estate to Barbarossa, because the latter had given him generous pecuniary assistance at times when his extravagant mode of living necessitated such assistance, whilst Henry the Lion had steadily refused to send him money.

To his third son, Conrad, Frederick gave the estates of the Duke von Rothenburg, who also had made the emperor his heir. His fourth son, Otto, was proclaimed Governor of Burgundy and Arles, Rainald's death having left that position vacant. The youngest of his sons, Philip, was also properly endowed; though it is said that Frederick's ambition had destined him for clerical honors, in order to have a Hohenstauffen ready for the occupation of the papal throne.

In this manner seven happy years passed away, at the end of which Italy again demanded the emperor's presence.

Pope Paschal had died September 20, 1168, and his adherents had elected John of Struma his successor, under the name of Kalixtus III. Frederick hesitated to recognize Kalixtus, being rather inclined to put an end to the everlasting quarrels between emperor and pope; and Alexander felt so sure of Frederick's ultimate support that he again refused propositions from Emanuel of Greece looking towards joint action. Alexander was also at that time additionally encouraged by the behavior of Henry II. of England, whom the murder of à Becket caused to return to Alexander's support. The cities of Lombardy thus grew so emboldened that they established a confederation directed specially against Emperor Frederick's rule; but internal dissension and jealousy rendered them powerless to effect any definite object. The emperor, meanwhile, sent the Archbishop Christian, of Mayence, to try whether he could not settle the Lombardian difficulties peaceably. Genoa received him with friendly greeting, but the archbishop became soon convinced that the other cities were hopelessly arrayed against each other, and against the enforcement of any supreme law and government over them all. He also noticed with grave apprehension the intrigues of the Greek emperor to gain a foot-hold in northern Italy, and, as soon as Emanuel had virtually got the city of Ankona to declare for him, Christian resolved to put an end to this encroachment upon his sovereign's rights by the force of arms.

Nor was he much averse to change his priestly robes of a peace-maker for the armored suit of a soldier, he being indeed equally renowned for scholarship and knightly achievements. He was able to preach in six different languages — German, French, Flemish, Lombardian, Latin, and Greek — and, as for his soldier-like qualities, he is said to have killed with his own hand nine men in battle, and with the priests and women of his army to have taken two castles by storm. Indeed, the girls and horses of his body-guard cost him more than the emperor paid for his whole retinue. It happily chanced that Venice had also a grudge against the Greek emperor, Emanuel, and was glad to seize an opportunity to gratify it; and thus, while Christian besieged Ankona from the land side, the Venetian fleet blockaded the sea-port, April, 1174. Under these circumstances Ankona was soon reduced to the utmost destitution. Its offer to surrender, however, was refused by Christian, who insisted on harsher conditions than the citizens could make up their minds to concede. Luckily, success came to them at the time of their greatest distress, and much against his will the archbishop was forced to raise the siege and retire. It was about this time, in the fall of 1174, that Frederick for the fifth time crossed the Alps to restore order in his Italian possessions, but this time with the gravest forebodings. For the prince who owed him most, whom he had raised to the highest position in his empire, and admitted to personal friendship — the Welfish Henry, Duke of Saxony and Bavaria — had refused him assistance of troops, pleading necessities of his own on the northern boundaries of his possessions, but probably acting, also, under the influence and advice of his Italian connections and of the pope.

Barbarossa called Henry to a private interview, and humbled himself so far as to implore on his knees for the needed assistance, entreating Henry to recall to mind his great friendship and generosity. But Henry remained obstinate. Enraged at Henry's behavior, Barbarossa's wife, who was

present at the interview, drew her husband away. "Dear lord," cried she, "arise! God will yet grant you His aid, when you shall be in a position to remember this day and this day's humiliation." Her prophecy was fulfilled. Disheartened, Frederick entered Lombardy; yet he had nearly won the decisive, final battle of that campaign — the famous battle of Legnano, 1176 — when the heroism of the "Troop of Death" turned the victory in favor of the Lombardian army. Frederick's army was totally defeated; he himself fled for life, and was for some days considered lost and dead. On no occasion of his life did the grand character of Frederick shine forth more nobly than after this terrible defeat. Frankly acknowledging himself beaten, he sent a message to Pope Alexander, who had so materially assisted the Lombardians, asking for peace. Alexander desired peace quite as much as Frederick, and, pleased with the full submission, appointed an interview at Venice. Here, July, 1177, the two great men met at the door of the St. Mark Cathedral, where Frederick threw himself at the feet of the pope, who, with tears in his eyes, lifted him up, while the German troops struck up one of the grand chorals of the church.

Peace was made between all parties; Alexander III. was recognized as the legitimate pope; his opponent, Kalixtus, was induced to resign; the cities of Lombardy had most of their complaints removed, and the emperor saw nearly all his clerical appointments confirmed by the pope, whom he had now made his friend.

Thus secured again in his Italian possessions, Frederick, January, 1178, hastened home to punish Henry for his ungenerous behavior and disloyal desertion in the hour of need. Having cited him before a council, at which Henry refused to appear, Frederick, in 1180, excommunicated him from his possessions, and divided them in smaller parcels among his more reliable friends. Henry resisted with all

his might, but in vain; and, reduced to desperation, threw himself at last before the outraged friend's feet, at the council of Aachen, and sued for mercy. Frederick wept at the spectacle of his humbled friend and forgave him, but advised him, November, 1181, to retire a while to England and stay with his father-in-law, Henry II. Of his possessions he restored to him Brunswick and Lueneburg. It was during that stay of his in England that Matilda bore Henry, in 1183, the son who became the founder of the line of English kings of the House of Brunswick.

By thus dividing the possessions of Henry, Frederick put a final end to the rule of the powerful dukedoms in Germany, and inaugurated the safer basis of numerous smaller principalities. About the same time the other chief antagonist of the emperor, Alexander III., died, August 30, 1181.

Humbold of Ostia, a man of ordinary ability, but far inferior to Alexander, who must rank among the great popes, at the side of Gregory and Innocence II., was elected pope, under the name of Lucius III. The Romans, however, soon got into trouble with him and drove him out of the city. The Archbishop Christian, of Mayence, who had remained in Italy to protect the emperor's rights, endeavored to come to Lucius' assistance; but on his way to Rome he was taken prisoner, and when, after being released, he had gathered a new army, a malarial fever seized him near Rome, from the effect of which he died, August, 1183.

The six years' truce, to which the cities of Lombardy had pledged themselves at the peace-making between Alexander and Frederick, at Venice, having now expired, much discussion arose, both in Lombardy and Germany, as to the advisability of continuing peace or entering again upon a state of constant dissension and warfare. Happily the peace party predominated on both sides of the Alps, and on June 23, 1183, the peace of Constance was con-

cluded, by which a permanent satisfactory arrangement of the relations between Germany and Italy seemed to be effected.

This gratifying state of universal peace within his empire Frederick determined to celebrate by the grandest festival Germany had ever witnessed. It was set for May 20, 1184, at the city of Mayence. Princes and nobles, prelates and priests, and an immense concourse of people assembled from all parts of Germany, from France, Italy, England, Spain, and Hungary. Of knights alone, over 40,000 were present; the numbers of the people were simply countless. A new, temporary city arose outside of Mayence, for the accommodation of this immense populace. The Rhine was covered with boats bearing provisions, and all the profusion apparent at the festival did not detract from its elegance. The emperor's two sons, King Henry VI. and Duke Frederick of Suabia, were made knights, after having duly performed all the ceremonies prescribed for such occasions; and many another ambitious youth of less high rank dated his knighthood from the festival of Mayence, the memory whereof, indeed, was handed down from generation to generation. Minnesingers were, of course, not lacking. Amongst them may be recognized Henry von Veldegge, who takes note of all he sees, in order to commemorate the splendors of his times in his *Aeneis;* and here, before this tent where Barbarossa himself and his son Henry — both as skillful judges of minstrelsy as of tournament-battles — are idly standing, chatting with friends, a younger minstrel is just about to strike his note. And this is what he sings:

THE BACHELOR'S SONG, BY SIR VON KUENZINGER.

Alas me! why mourn they so
  Who have tasted love's caressing?
I stay glad, and yet I know
  I ne'er won that joy and blessing

Which after bliss love leaves a yearning sorrow,
When time comes to depart.
Now, I sleep quiet till the morrow,
And no one says: "God bless thee, dear sweetheart."

Women serve I unremittent;
Woe me, should I long for meed!
She would but refuse me flippant;
Then her grace I'd lose indeed.
Her friendship rather will I keep and guard me,
Than by love win her hate.
'Twould miserably age and ne'er reward me;
To serve her true for nothing be my fate!

Helps it me to engage love's war,
Torturing all my life out merely?
Little notice from afar
Pays she whom I love so dearly.
Would she but love me with the love I show her,
Happy were I, and freed.
My service seems but little to her;
Well, I must put good will in for the deed.

Scarcely had he finished when another Minnesinger stepped forward, and with still more audacious rhythm as well as subject-matter chanted the following:

THE LOVER'S SONG, BY CHRISTIAN VON HAMLE.

With body enjoying
By white arms clasped cosy,
And pressed to the heart close, how glorious and good!
With woman love toying,
Her cheeks glowing rosy,
Her lips with love laughing, how cheers this the mood!
Then is one body where hearts still are twain —
Speech alone showing them woman and man.
Then breaks to pieces dull care, grown still crisper;
Neither gives love then for long time permission — one single word with mouth to whisper.
Ah, but one kisses the sweetest mouth, then,
Ever by woman in love given to man!

To love thus with passion
A woman makes many
A heart sometimes sad, and at other times glad.

But who holds possession
Unwatched, without pain, he
The sweetest of joys will discover outspread.
Where four fond arms are close flown into one,
Sweeter joy never the sun shone upon.
Who finds such cheer with a sweet loving woman,
Never the world can in him arouse rapture apter to kill care's baneful summon;
There two hearts press to each other so close,
To slip between them no leaf so thin grows.

Where four fond eyes, meeting,
Love seeing each other,
Two hearts in like manner must love to unite,
Though stealthy their greeting,
And trying it to smother,
All things, sad and glad, they must share in love's light.
Then burns their love e'en with love like a glow,
And greater wonder still love hastes to show!
Causing their mouths to forget self in other.
Love thus, in many a way and sweet manner, sorrow and sadness swiftly does smother.
Aye, love has loving itself so o'ercome,
Blessed the lovers who dwell in its home!

Having now again established himself supreme ruler, and secured the foundation of lasting peace at home, Barbarossa once more, for the sixth and last time, in the fall of 1184, bent his way toward Italy. He was everywhere received in triumph. His son Henry was crowned King of Lombardy, with the famous iron crown; and at the marriage of Henry, in 1186, with Constance, the last heiress of Norman descent of the Kingdom of Naples and the Sicilies, so strangely won by the great Norman seafarers in the eleventh century — a conquest which music has forever commemorated with the names of Tancred and Robert — the formerly rebellious city of Milan sued for the honor of having the marriage festivities celebrated within its walls. Strange working of history! From this very marriage in Milan, which seemed to open new glory to the Hohenstauffen family, arose their speedy ruin; it was in trying to gain

the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, which by this marriage descended to the Hohenstauffen, that young Conradin, the last of the race, met his tragic death. But even Frederick was already made to feel the curse that followed this marriage. It might suit him well enough to have the papal states hedged in from both North and South — Lombardy and Naples — by Hohenstauffen rule, but the popes were furious at it. Lucius did his best to prevent the marriage, and when he died, in November, 1185, his successor, Urban, would undoubtedly have succeeded in picking a quarrel with the emperor had not suddenly come the news of Saladin's conquest of Jerusalem.

Then Frederick, having returned to Germany in the fall of 1186, began at once to prepare for that second and last crusade of his life, which has thrown a most fitting final glory over his name. In splendor it certainly outshone all the other crusades. There were the Hospital Knights, with their black cloaks, wearing a white cross; there were the Knights Templar, with a red cross on their white cloaks; and knights of numerous other orders, in incredible numbers, and assembled for one of the strangest enterprises that ever moved man's breast. Nearly 200,000 men gathered under the greatest princes of Europe, the noble Emperor of Germany at their head. Him were to join, by the sea-route, the astute Philip of France and Richard Cœur de Lion — most romantic of all heroes of romance, his strong-knit frame, light hair, and blue eyes almost a copy of Frederick's person, as Barbarossa had been in his youth and manhood, and before age had whitened his hair and beard — with his gay troubadour friends from France, Gaucelon Faidit, Pierre Vidal; aye, and, following in secret, his lady-love, La Dame de Fayel, the unhappy Chatalain de Coucy, all unconscious of the watchful jealousy of the lady's lord, little dreaming that the heart which beats for the lady so tenderly will become her veritable food and cause of death

— for my Lord de Tayel has heard how the Compte de Rosillon punished his wife for loving the fair singer Guillaume de Cabestaing, Richard's most favorite singer. But the world-renowned Blondel was not with him, having stayed at home with Richard's brother, Geoffrey Plantagenet, the father of unhappy little Arthur of Brittany.

Fit companions of these troubadours from France were the Minnesingers of Frederick's court — nobles and princes all of them, but all artist-like in the labor of constructing their verses and their music. One of the most gifted of them was the young Count Otto von Botenlauben, who had come to win the renowned Princess Beatrix, the pearl of the Orient, the reports of whose beauty had inflamed this young German, even as the reports of the beauty of the Countess of Tripoli drew the gay young troubadour, Geoffrey Rudel, the bosom friend of Geoffrey Plantagenet — as Blondel was of Richard — over the sea to Tripoli, in the shadow of whose walls the young man, having been seized by a serious illness on shipboard, died a sweet death in the arms of the countess, who had hastened from her palace to see this strange, unknown lover, brought to her from far over the seas on the wings of death.

Botenlauben met a better fortune. He married his princess, his pearl of the Orient, a daughter of the great French house of the Courtenay, and the castle where he and his wife lived on their return from the East can still be seen. Of his excellent songs the following may serve as fair specimens :

CRUSADER'S SONGS, BY OTTO VON BOTENLAUBEN.

I.

"Christ's reward, were't not the very greatest,
Never would I leave her here to pine,
Whom my heart greets earliest and latest,
Whom I call the kingdom of heav'n of mine,
Darling, who lives near the River Rhine,
Lord, let thy grace upon us shine,
Let me for myself and her yet win that love of thine."

"Since his kingdom of heaven named his heart me,
I have chosen him my God to be!
Now can nothing ever from him part me;
Oh Lord, be not angry, then, with me!
Sure, my thornless eye-delight is he,
Born to be my joy on earth. Oh, see,
Should he not return, my joy were dead hopelessly."

II.

I have chosen sweetest woe to win me,
And I'll cherish't o'er all flowers' shine,
He's not wise who deems this folly in me;
Envy all times had its hateful shrine,
Aye, through love I bear this pain and pine.
It I've chosen mine, now be thou mine!
Do me as thou choosest, lady, for the power is thine.

I recall to her the pledge at leaving
She gave me; and oh! the pledge was strong.
When returned I will abjure all grieving,
Life would sicken stayed I absent long.
She, for whom my heart so sore doth long,
Holds me even with her love so strong,
Like the nightingale that sitteth dead from her sweet song.

Should I die from the great grief and anguish
She works on me, 'twere an awful dread!
Let me tell whose fault it is I languish:
'Tis the fault of her love-mouth so red.
If I lose her long, then am I dead;
E'en her dear and lustrous eyes grew red
When I went to say farewell, and for her blessing prayed.

III.

Art most welcome to me, my life's comfort thou!
My heart's delight! Thou dearest man and my own Lord!
God I'll ever praise for this, that He me now
From grief has freed; but also thy great faith record.
For over me a state of grievous doubt did pass;
Thou hadst forgotten me so long, alas!
What holp me my beauty? my high name?
Thou hadst forgot me all the same.

Now my heart with many a joy beats glorious,
Since with my arms thy body dear I held embraced.
Dearest one, now tell me, art thou happy thus?
Thou told'st me 'bove all women thou deemed'st me most graced.

I gave thee on thy faith and on thy virtue, dear,
My crown of joy, my flower, my youth's bloom-year!
Alas, many an evening-yearning's sigh,
Which kept me wake till day-lit sky!

One of the many incidents of this crusade, in its passage through Minor Asia, may here find record.

In a fight with the Turks, near Philomelium, amidst the countless German knights of one of the troops towered the figure of a somewhat slender but powerfully built young knight, seated on a horse of rare vigor and beauty. The beard on his rosy face could not have been many years old, as it appeared when the stroke of a Saracen saber, cleaving open the knight's vizor, exposed his young face; and the full, blue eyes, now aglow with the passion of life and death, seemed almost too young ever to have looked or drank more than the faint flush of love's first yearning. On his shield of azure blue, its edges of gold and red, were painted three narrow black stripes, united by a line of blue set in silver, and running through them. He fought that day so bravely, so recklessly, that the attention of his fellow-knights was insensibly riveted on his feats, so that when, in inconsiderate pursuit of an enemy, he reined in his exhausted charger for a leap over a rather wide ditch, and the panting horse, gathering in, tried to make it, but broke down and fell into the ditch with its unhappy horseman, there was a temporary stop of the battle whilst, amidst great wailing, the troop hastened to rescue the body of their young companion. They found him crushed — dead. A writer of Cologne, Godfrey (1162), has chronicled the event in these words: "*Occiditur ét ibi Fridericus de Husen vir probus et nobilis, qui egregiæ laudis et honestatis præ omnibus illo in tempore nomen acceperat. Qui quum in turcos viriliter desœviret, unumque ex eis acrius insequeretur, equus ejus fossatum transiliens cecidit, ipseque subsequens ruina expiravit. Super cujus morte tana in castris orta est moestitice, quod omissa pugna omnes clamorem bellicum mutuaverunt in vocem flentium.*"

Frederick von Husen had, indeed, been one of the most popular of the knights in the German body; and his skill in knight-minstrelsy had attracted even the attention of the great emperor. He was a Suabian nobleman, living not far from the Rhine, and had been much admired at home for his gifts of song. Parting for the crusade, he had bid painful farewell to a lady, from whom something else than want of reciprocated affection seems to have parted him; very probably higher rank on her part. But, faithful to her, he continued, along the weary march of the crusade, to send her, by every opportunity, new songs of his passion; and these he sent, not by a regular love-messenger, or singerlein, but by letter in writing. A number of these, with other of his songs, have been handed down to us in the Manessean collection. On his dead body one of these songs was found; and it was probably the ill-humor with the dear beloved for her constant refusal to accept his love — for, says he in one of his songs, though she has called me her Æneas, she does not want to be my Dido — which finds expression in this song, by which he was led to that reckless exposure of his life on the Monday after Ascension Day, in the year 1190. This is a translation of it:

THE CRUSADER'S DEPARTURE, BY FREDERICK VON HUSEN.

My heart and body now ask separation,
That have together stayed so long as one.
To fight the heathen is the body's passion,
But to the heart a woman dear has grown
'Bove all the world. And now I grieve and moan
That they no more will walk in joined procession!
My eyes, alas, have caused this tribulation,
And this sad quarrel God can end alone.

Since I the heart cannot well turn aside now,
Without still leaving me more sorely grieved,
I pray to God that He bid thee abide now
Where thou most surely wilt be well received.
Alas, but how may'st thou there be relieved?
How durst thou venture with such woe to side now?
Who is to help thee turn my grief's great tide now,
So sure as at thy side thy love achieved?

I thought I should be free from all this trouble
When I the cross of God took upon me.
Indeed, 'twere right, and I'd with peace quick couple,
But that my steadfastness forbids it be.
By rights I should be full of life and free,
Howe'er my foolish will might blow and bubble.
Now, see I well, my will cares not a stubble
How things may chance to me; 'tis fate's decree!

Let none accuse me that I am unsteady,
Because whom erst I loved I now bear hate.
Howe'er I her implored, backward, ne'er ready,
She did as if she understood not quite my strait.
It seems to me her word I can but rate
Like summer weather here — the changeful lady!
I were a fool to humor her, and ready
Believe her still — 'tis, lady-love, too late!

Here we may also as well mention two other noted Minnesingers who accompanied the great crusade of Barbarossa: Count Frederick von Leiningen and Reimar the Old. Count Frederick, a noble of great repute — who boasted dating back his descent to a certain Prince Emich (Emerich, Embric) I, under the Roman emperor Severus, A. D. 210, and whose lineage is still in existence at the present date — was as beautiful a singer as he was famous for his deeds of war. There had descended upon him something of the wild spirit of one of his forefathers, the dreaded Rhenish Count Emich, who joined the ill-fated crusade of 1096, and, putting himself at the head of a desperate band of some 20,000 ragamuffins, plundered and laid waste Hungary and Bohemia with unparalleled rapacity and cruelty. All sorts of wild stories were set afloat concerning his misdeeds. It was said that his band carried along a goose and a goat, filled, it was given out, with the Holy Ghost, under whose direction their outrages were committed. But their wanton cruelty came to grief at last, at the siege of Misenburg, where a panic fear seized the whole band. Emich fled with the rest of his band, and soon after meeting death, his spirit was compelled to haunt a mountain near the city of Worms, where, clad in

red-hot iron armor, he and his crew were often seen reviewing and asking the passers-by to pray for their accursed souls.

But with all his bravery, which won for him the special mention of an old, unknown poet who celebrated Landgrave Louis V. of Thuringen's deeds in Barbarossa's crusade, Frederick von Leiningen had one of the gentlest hearts, and was a poet of deep feeling and delicate skill. The only one of his songs which has been left to us is one of the sweetest in the whole Manassean collection of Minnelieder. The simple piety of the two last stanzas of the poem, which are composed in the then universally popular form of a dialogue between a knight and his lady-love, before the knight's departure for the crusade, is very touching:

DEPARTURE FOR THE CRUSADE, BY COUNT FREDERICK VON LEININGEN.

Whose mood covets blithe gladness should
Look out upon the budding wood;
  How May in wondrous glory
Of rich, warm color every guest
Has clothed in his very best;
  The birds, at man's grief sorry
From their high mood full many a tone,
  As sweetly forth it launches,
You hear ringing adown the vale,
Pealing o'er all the nightingale,
  On green, leaf-covered branches.

Yet me it heeds to sorrow still;
My heart pays toll on each joy's thrill,
  While she her grace keeps folded;
She who my heart bears in her own,
Ah me, why leaves she me to moan!
  God so her form has moulded
That nor my heart nor all my mind
  Can think, how'ere they try it,
How she could be more beautiful,
This lovely lady of my soul,
  Who all my joy lays quiet.

O Love, thou sweet, dear counselor,
Counsel — and blessed be thou e'er —
  My heart's queen, hear the entreaty!

Counsel her to lend me her aid;
Counsel her to turn sad to glad;
O lovely Love, show pity!
Since thou art lock and thou art bolt
Of all my heart and senses,
Counsel her, for 'tis sorely time;
My comfort, weal, with hers must chime;
I burn in thy fire's trances!

And must I thus depart from her,
Without her kindly, gracious cheer?
Ah, woe, what grief weighs on me!
It fills my life with sore dismay;
Mercy, thou blessed woman stay!
And look not cold upon me!
Soften a little, pray, thy mood,
And with red mouth say, greeting,
Nought but four words, and these alone
Shall lift my soul to rapture's throne:
"Farewell till happier meeting!"

"Farewell till happier meeting, then!
God keep thy life and soul from bane;
Thy weal and fame forever!
If thy return can haste my prayer,
Suit, and entreaty, God knows, dear,
My prayers shall resten never.
Since thy departure is to be,
Two hearts with thee thou bearest;
Both mine and thine, both full of woe;
Sadly I mourn, love, thou shouldst go —
Christ be thy guide, my dearest!"

Reimar, surnamed the Old, by the Minnesingers, to distinguish him from several other Reimars of that time, was, before his pupil Walther von der Vogelweide began to sing, undoubtedly the foremost knight-minstrel of that age. In early youth, a knight without money, he had entered the service of Leopold VI., second Duke of Austria, the son of Duke Henry "*Yesthusmegod*," for whose special benefit Austria had been made a dukedom when Barbarossa restored to Henry the Lion the Dukedom of Bavaria, which Duke Henry Yesthusmegod had inherited from his father. A favorite oath had given rise to this comical nickname, and it

would have been a great blessing if every Henry and Frederick of the countless principalities of the Germany of those days had been considerate enough, for the sake of future historians and history-readers, to have thus invented an original oath for a second name and distinctive *alias*.

Reimar soon distinguished himself in his art, and became the pet poet of Vienna. A simple-minded, noble soul, and true artist in every sense of the word; very properly preferring his art to the stupid breaking of lances, at the risk of his bones, in tourneys, or, still worse, to risking his life in absurd battles for so-called glory. Yet his great attachment to Duke Leopold led him to accompany his lord on that Barbarossa crusade, wherein Leopold distinguished himself greatly at the famous siege of Akkon, but also considerably disgraced himself by his quarrel with the lion-hearted Richard of England, and deeply so when, after his return to Austria, he made Richard a prisoner and delivered him over to Emperor Henry VI., who kept him confined till poor, faithful Blondell sought him up and sang to him the touching song, "Oh, Richard, oh mon roi! L'universe t'abandonne," which, on a far later occasion, sounded the death-knell of Louis XVI. The following songs will characterize the skill and poetic feeling of the old singer. The last and most beautiful of them laments the death of his beloved patron, who died by a fall from his horse, whilst preparing to join a new crusade, on the last day of the year 1194. The lament is in accordance with the spirit of the times, aptly put in the mouth of a loving woman mourning the death of her lover.

CRUSADE SONGS BY REIMAR THE OLD.

I.

The Lady's Message to her Crusader.

Dearest messenger, now hear,
  Thou art thus to act! Say this,
If he's well and of good cheer,
  That my life still cheerier is.

Tell him that it is my will
He should never be of anything guilty — that would part us
for our ill.

Asks he my behavior, say
That I live in happiness.
If thou canst, lead from't away,
Then I need not speech repress.
I love him with heart full well,
And would rather see him than the daylight — but this must
thou never tell.

Ere thou ever tellest him aught,
How that I love him so dearly,
First look thou, and be now taught,
All his ways observe thou nearly,
Whether his love me true did stay!
Then, whatever may impart him pleasure — dearest messenger
mine, that say.

Speaks he of coming home to abide,
Wouldst thou well rewarded be,
Tell him that speech to avoid
Which he erewhile spoke to me;
Then may I him look upon.
Why will he me always with that worry — which can never-
more be done?

What he wants, look, that strikes dead,
And does many a life destroy.
Pale without a shade of red
It fades woman — passion's toy;
Love, men call it! But, O men,
Rather should you unlove name and call it — woe him who it
first began!

That I've said so much, much more
Than I meant, now me annoys;
I was never used before
To such burden as now lies
In my heart with woe down-weighed.
Now, list: thou must never, never tell him — what I here to
thee have said.

II.

The Lady and the Messenger.

"Tell me, I'll reward thee neatly,
Hast thou seen the dear knight? is it true?
Does he live, and lives he fitly,
As they say, and as thou told'st me, too?"

"Dame, I saw him, glad with joy,
And his heart stood, as you ever bid it, high."

"Pleasure I forbade him never,
So but in one thing he keep recluse.
This I pray to-day and ever;
It's a prayer which he should not refuse."
"Dame, now trip not in your speech!
He says all is done that should be — each thing, each!"

"List, he promised, o'er and o'er it,
That he'd never sing a song again,
Unless I should ask him for it!"
"Dame what time I left, so did he then;
And you surely must have heard"—
"Alas, if I ask him now, I'll rue the word.

"Yet, if I do not implore it,
Then I lose in him my happiness;
And the people'll curse me for it,
That from all the world I keep such grace.
Everywhere care glooms my lot;
Alas, now I know not, shall I do't or not?

"That we women win not ever
Friend by speech, unless they're so inclined,
Grieves me. Court him, I will never,
Steadfast women hurt unsteadfast mind.
Were I, as I e'en not seem,
Unsteadfast, then, if he left me, I'd leave him."

III.

Song of the Crusader.

The day I put the cross on me
I chose my thoughts, discarding some,
To fit the sign most properly,
And as true pilgrim might become.
And then they seemed to me to God all given,
So that their very feet seemed to His worship riven.
But now they claim their own will, and alone go as before again,
And now this grief's not mine alone, but also grieves sore other men.

In all things else I should lack naught,
If but my thoughts would keep more staid;
That God whom here to serve I ought,
They do not so to praise lend aid
As I require, and as 't would be my glory.
They still keep straying back to some old story,
And think that I'm to pleasure given still, as I was hitherto —
Oh Mother, Maid, check thou their bent, since I cannot, whate'er I do.

Not that these thoughts I'll ever quite
  Forbid t'xplore their own thought-land!
I allow them all things that are right,
  But ask them, on the other hand,
That, after both our friends they've greeting given,
They should return and help atone my sins to heaven —
Then be them everything forgiven that they've done to me of ill;
But I fear their deceitfulness, and that they'll try to cheat me still.

Blessed is pleasure! Blessed he
  Who may a part of 't win him aye!
Albeit I now from it am free,
  Yet have I seen everywhile the day,
When e'en the whole night long it would me flurry;
But now I have forgotten that with other worry!
The steps are broken on the ladder, that me then to pleasure led;
And no one can lead back me thence, unless my will and I lend aid!

IV.

Homeward from the Crusade.

Methinks love's going to come to me;
My heart soars up in play and glee,
My mood swings up to cheerful joys,
Like to the falcon, as he flies,
And like the eagle turning!
The friends that I left mourning,
Oh, blessed I, if I then find
As I left them, in body and mind!
Good everything about her is!
Oh God, do Thou but grant me this,
That I may soon be with her;
Lead me, then, safely thither!
And, if of care she has any kind,
Grant I may it scatter — e'en as she must clear my mind!
Then may we quaff true pleasure!
Then blessed I the whole night long — could one wish dearer treasure?

V.

On the Death of Duke Leopold VI.

They say that summer is here now,
That pleasures new awaken,
And that I ought joy to my heart restore.
But counsel me and tell me, How?
Since death from me hath taken —
Oh God! I cannot get o'er it evermore!

What need I to go in search of mirth?
Since all my mirth's sole lord, Leopold, lieth in the earth!
Whom I saw mourning ne'er a day.
And lo, the world in him has lost
As never in any man so great — so sad a loss it had for aye.

Poor woman I! I felt so well
When'ere I thought of him,
And how that all my weal was in him wrapt!
But now, that I no longer shall
Have him, a misery grim
Over what life I yet may live has swept.
He, my rapture's mirror, he is gone!
Whom I for summer, eye-delight had chosen me and won,
Him I must learn to do without!
When I was told that he was dead,
Straightway the blood rushed from my heart, and all my senses put to rout.

From cheerfulness bid me abstain;
My dear lord's death, ah, me!
Tells me to bid it farewell evermore;
And since him I can ne'er regain
My grief kills me. Oh, see!
How all my mourning heart is still so sore!
She who mourns him always, it is I!
Oh, that the ever blessed man could live and I could die!
But he is gone; what do I here?
Be merciful to him, oh God!
More virtuous guest drew ne'er yet to Thy host of heaven near!

The unhappy end of this third crusade is known to all. Barbarossa fortunately did not live to witness its disastrous conclusion. On the march, false news was brought him that his son (Henry VI.) was dead. Tears trickled down his now snow-white beard, but as soon as he could compose himself he cried out, "My son is dead, but Christ lives! Forward!" After most vexatious marches over the territories of the Greek Empire, deceived at every step by the cunning treachery of the Emperor Commenius, Frederick, at the head of what little remained of his army, was nevertheless advancing in triumph, after having stormed and taken the capital of the Sultan of Credi, when he was

unfortunately drowned in attempting to cross a river. But in the heart of the German people his memory continued to linger for ages, and imagination transported him to the Kyffhaeuser cave, where, sitting on a stone bench, and leaning his arms on a stone table, he still awaits the coming glory of a happy, reunited Germany, for it is a grave error to suppose that the Hohenzollern Empire has as yet realized that ideal. It not only still lacks integral parts of Germany proper, but, above all, individual political freedom and that full religious freedom without which the conflict between the German Empire and the Roman Catholic Church can never find thorough settlement, and which has so happily protected our own republic from a like disastrous conflict.

A. E. Kroeger.

LETTER ON FRANCE.

VICTOR HUGO AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES IN VERSE AND ART.

Victor Hugo stands a head and shoulders above all his contemporaries in mental height except George Sand, whose fervid, flowing eloquence, dramatic vividness of characterization, and sympathy with all oppressed classes, lifted her to an equal level as a literary artist. Alfred Musset perhaps approached more nearly than the others, by his sensibility and originality, which rendered his poems, though full of a certain romantic melancholy, more akin to nature than any utterance which France had heard from her poets for centuries.

But the rest, Gautier, Baudelaire, Léconte de Lisle, M. Lafayette, are all cold-blooded, scientific rather than creative, given to analysis, polish, carving, with exquisite delicacy, it is true, but the tools are guided by a hand that feels

no thrill of any poetic fire leaping in its veins. They believe nothing, they revere nothing, they love nothing, except, perhaps, art, with the cool selection of a cultured taste; their hopes are not ardent, except when, as in M. Lafayette, a social purpose and a political aim seem to arouse some masculine vigor of tone.

They bring before you always the artist, his studio with its well-arranged Oriental stuffs and silken folds hanging in studied ease, its veiled lights and softened shadows, its tools; and one never breathes freely, or hears the ringing of spontaneous melody, or catches a glimpse of wild grace or merriment, as in the old Greek world which they affect to adore. Even M. Coppées' idyls are those of closed gardens and well laid-out grounds. Théophile Gautier well entitled his poems "Emaux et Camées," for in every line is the touch of the chisel and polishing tools; and Catulle Mendes, in his "Midnight Sun," and Léconte de Lisle, in his poems of "India," too artfully dispose contrasts and effects to transport us with the cold, weird snow-light of the one, or the glow and odor of the other. As for Charles Baudelaire, he dissects, analyzes, investigates, every human emotion, good or evil, woe or joy.

We see the same spirit in their art: in Corot's soft, shadowy, idyllic landscapes, with their subtle studies of the relations of color; in the elaborate *technique* of André and Meissonier; in the numberless pictures of court scenes and classic subjects, where the gorgeous costumes, exquisite textures, costly jewels, sparkling wines, shining bronzes, wonderful effects of light and shade, stand in bold and sensational contrast with some grim and ghastly theme of death or old age, as in the "Death of Nero," "Son Eminence Grise," "The Christian Martyr," etc. Here is again the same careful study, exquisite workmanship, dramatic contrast, but no fire, force, vitality! It is but art; not life.

Both in artist and verse-writer (for we can scarcely use the old, divine name of poet, which Homer, Shakespeare,

and Dante bore, for such as these) we find the same tone of eastern scenes and effects. In Doré's painting, "Finding the True Cross," the whole scene glows with Oriental sunshine and color, and upon the jeweled miters and gold-wrought garments, the swinging of censers, the long ranks of the armed crusaders, beats a noonday light and splendor. All the rich and fantastic coloring of Diaz is Oriental; and on the walls of the salon you see Arab sportsmen flying their hawks, the rest by the palm trees of the desert, the slave-market, the bazaar of the East. In Léconte de Lisle's poems you hear, as a recent critic beautifully says, the systemical stepping of the Hindoo bearers, and perceive the strange, rich odors of tropical forests. The names of his verses, the "Sleep of the Condor," "The South," "The Jungles," "The Fountain of Lianas," are redolent with such glow and still rest, of such springing freshness amid parching heats, such thick and shadowy retreats from hot noon, as the lands of the East and South only show.

All this is artistic, but it has no vital strength. The school of art and literature in France which possesses stamina and endurance is the sympathetic school, which boasts the name of Millet, with his grand epics of labor displayed in his pictures of the working and agricultural life of France; of Breton and Frère, whose homely scenes have a tenderness and power which the cooler analyst of emotion never reaches; of Rosa Bonheur and Jacques, who enter into the lowly lives of animals, and portray their days with the power of life. In literature, Sully Prudhomme shows a tenderness and insight that promises much; the author of "The Attic Philosopher" describes with loving minuteness the innocent pleasures and cares of a quiet life; and George Sand has done for the peasant in words what Millet's canvas has accomplished in art.

It is here, in earnestness, sympathy, feeling, that Victor Hugo shows his true power. He writes for the people, he feels with them, he loves them; therefore his writings are

full of aspirations and hope; and he says: "Let us look always toward the dawn, the blossoming, the birth; that which falls encourages that which arises." ("93.") And again, in the same work: "Each of those degrees — father, mother, city, country, humanity — is one of the rungs of the ladder which leads to God." He thrills with the power and life of the new age, but is not faithless to the old heritage; while he speaks of the quickening power of a great city which civilizes, he does not forget the rest of the country which is the universal mother; and he holds humanity as the great ancestor of all.

"Les Miserables," unreal, sensational, dramatic as it may appear to the more quiet reader of English blood, is filled with an earnest pity for all classes that suffer, with a genuine endeavor to comprehend and ameliorate their situation; nor is the sympathy that embraces Javert, the policeman, inflexible, severe, and Jean Valjean, the escaped convict, narrow or one-sided.

Victor Hugo's own life, his enjoyment of the household, his tender love for his sons, both of whom he has followed to the grave, his gentleness and devotion to his two delicate grandchildren, have taught him the great lessons of love with deep reality. We see the little footsteps of "le petit Georges" and his sister, Jeanne, in many a work of this great author. What is more touching and artless than the little ones in "93" who hear the booming of the great cannon and lisp a soft mimicry of the sound? In "Les Miserables," even the *gamin* — the urchin of street-corners and alleys — is painted with the vividness and accuracy of one who has listened not unlovingly to his audacious repartees and acute words.

But in "Cosette," the little, forsaken, motherless child, trembling in the dark of the forest, hearing strange rustlings and movements in every swinging bough or breaking twig, peopling the shadows with undefined and vague figures — there is the touch of one who has made the child's world,

the child's soul his own. Nor should we envy the reader who could reach, without delight, the climax where the poor little creature suddenly finds herself the rich possessor of a wonderful and beautiful doll. In such passages as these we forget the writer to love the man, who, with tears scarcely dried for his beloved sons, is at once father and mother to the little children left in his care, and who spends hours in amusing them with recitation and story, nor ever wearies of the little troubles and petty amusements of their infancy.

E. F. Morley.

THE SOUL'S COMPLAINT OF THE BODY.

From the Anglo-Saxon.

BY MYRON B. BENTON.

Much it behooveth
  Mortals, each one,
To ponder whence moveth
  The Soul ever on.
Death, coming, smiteth
  Midst terror and dole;
His stroke disuniteth
  Body and Soul.

Long the Soul waiteth
  Ere it shall go
Where the Lord's hand mateth
  With weal or with woe;
As its pilgrimage, slowly
  It wandered from birth —
Painful and lowly,
  Toiling on Earth.

As e'en night swift fleeteth;
  Then, wailing aloud,
The Ghost coming meeteth
  Its body in shroud.

There winters three hundred
  Shall o'er it be hurled —
If the Lord hath not thundered
  The End of the World!

So weary, then speaketh
  The wan, chilly Ghost!
Cold utterance wreaketh
  Upon the low dust;
O dry Dust, dreary one,
  For me little strife
Or care hadst thou, weary one,
  All thy long life!

Now in earth darkly
  Thou makest thy home —
Lying so starkly —
  Rotting in loam!
Little was heeding
  Thy life upon Earth
Of thy Soul ever speeding
  Its journey swift forth.

EQUALITY OF THE SCHOOL SYSTEM.

I propose in this paper to introduce, by way of general discussion, a subject which has attracted my notice, and upon which I have bestowed some reflection, as one who for a long time was connected, in different capacities, with our school system, and who still feels a deep interest in its various workings, and especially in its direct and remote tendencies, not only upon the people, but also upon the social and political institutions of the country. I, however, intend this as nothing more than an introduction of the subject, which others can follow up with fuller details and with a more elaborate discussion, if they shall deem the subject of sufficient importance.

In the observations which I am about to make I shall have reference to the school system of the United States, or, perhaps I should rather say, to the school systems of

the several states of the Union, although the operating causes under discussion may exist to a greater or less extent in countries wherever systems of popular education prevail.

The population of the United States may be stated in round numbers at 40,000,000. These are composed almost literally of all nations, kindred, tongues, and peoples. Of this population the greater part of the present generation has been, and nearly the whole of future generations will be, brought directly under the influence of popular education as established and practiced in this country. It becomes, therefore, a matter of deep interest to the whole people to ascertain the natural and probable effects of this system of education upon the social and political condition of the country, both in the present and for the future. Among the vast variety of these effects the tendency to equality between the sexes must, I think, be reckoned as a prominent one. At least it is one which should claim attention, in view of the present agitation of that subject.

In this country the school population — that is to say, that portion of the people who are of the proper ages to attend school, and who, as a general thing, do attend school in some portion of the year — may be stated in round numbers at 15 per cent., which, in a population of 40,000,000, makes 6,000,000 that attend schools of some kind in the course of each year. Of course the general numbers herein given are only approximative estimates, but they are sufficiently accurate for the purposes of this discussion. As a matter of course, also, many of these 6,000,000 who attend school do so irregularly, and some of them but a small portion of the year; but neither do these facts affect the weight of the reasoning which will be pursued.

I will venture, further, to estimate that of the 6,000,000 of school population at least 1,000,000 attend private and denominational schools. I think this 1,000,000 must be a high estimate, but it leaves 5,000,000, in round numbers,

of the population of the United States who attend public schools for a greater or less portion of time every year, and who are thus brought directly under whatever may be the operating tendency of this school system in regard to the subject under discussion. Of course, this school population is continuous. A tide of children of from five to seven years of age is constantly flowing into the schools — public and private — and a tide of equal volume is as constantly flowing out of them, composed of youth from thirteen to seventeen years of age. This tide must also continue for the future, and it must gradually increase as the school system becomes more perfect and attractive, and as the whole population of the country shall also increase.

In many, and probably in nearly all, of the private and denominational schools the boys and girls are educated separately; and in fact, as I presume, in most cases these schools are got up and carried on, a part of them solely for boys, and others for girls only, without any reference to each other, and with an entire absence, in their management, of what is meant and understood by the co-education of the sexes. On the other hand, in the public schools of the country, almost, if not quite, universally the co-education of the sexes takes place to the fullest extent. From the time the child first enters school till the boy or girl finally leaves it, this same co-education, this social and educational commingling of the sexes, constitutes a prominent, if not a controlling, feature.

Here, then, we have a most powerful operating agency, the tendency of which is constantly in the direction of equality. Boys and girls of the tender ages are placed side by side; they hear the same voice of command; they obey the same regulations; they learn together the same words and sentences; they pursue the same elementary studies; through these they are inspired by the same sentiments; they utter the same sounds, in concert or otherwise; they progress together in the same attainments; they together

aspire to the same excellence and to the same approbation as the reward of merit. This all takes place at an age when habits and sentiments are in a state of formation, and when impressions are made which must be of the deepest and most lasting character. It is found in all stages as we advance to the higher classes of the district school, and to the advanced grades of the union and high schools. The school-room, the class-room, and the studies and exercises everywhere in school, including original compositions, reading, writing, declamation, and drawing, all exhibit this striking feature — the equality of the sexes. And, as girls are now admitted to our colleges and universities, the same conditions and principles of equality now exist in our very highest institutions of learning.

The influence of the system is also felt in the same direction from the character of the teachers which it employs; for, as the school system progresses, and as it becomes perfected, it is found to be a matter of sound public policy to select the teachers, of both sexes, from among those, other qualifications being equal, who have received their educational training in these same nurseries of learning. So that the whole atmosphere of the school-room, in every grade, is thoroughly impregnated with the sentiment of social and general equality as between the sexes. In a word, we have this spirit of equality in the daily life and being of 5,000,000 of the youth of the country, who are found annually in the public schools and colleges of the country. Such a constantly operating influence — such daily food for body, mind, and soul — cannot fail to produce in time, and in a short time, too, most important results.

In the operations of such a system we do not fail soon to discover an equality of mental capacity as between the sexes.

Indeed, this feature generally appears in all the classes which are made up of both males and females, with little discrimination. This equality of capacity is shown in the different degrees of mental power exhibited by scholars of

both sexes. Minds are not alike. They are not constituted alike. They are far from being equal in different persons of the one sex or the other. But in this very inequality of mind, appearing among both males and females, the great fact of the equality of the sexes in this particular seems to be fully confirmed. While a few boys in school may outstrip all other boys in some particular studies, and perhaps in all studies, so some few girls will often surpass, not only their female classmates, but even all the boys of the entire school. Their whole mind and energy are thrown into the work in hand, and no competitors of either sex can keep pace with them. To such female minds the alleged mental equality of the sexes is no myth, but a practical and patent reality; yea, the conscious superiority of the female mind, in some instances, often exhibits itself in unmistakable signs of contempt towards the dunces who happen to occupy the seats assigned to the males of the class.

These evidences of equality between the sexes, and even of the mental superiority of some females over males, are thus deeply impressed upon the young who compose the constant and steadily increasing tide that is flowing through the public schools of the country with every returning year. And these deep and lasting impressions are carried out into the world and into after-life by the vast body of youth of either sex who come under the influence and into the training of the public school system. Memory in after-life often recurs to these evidences, and many a lady can look back with much complacency to the time when there was not found her superior, and scarcely her equal, in a whole school of perhaps from 100 to 1,500 scholars. Minds thus educated and thus impressed will be slow to admit their superior, and even their equal, among either sex. There may be some conceit in the sentiment, but the recollection of equality, and even of superiority, still remains, with the practical evidence by which they have been sustained.

And this sentiment presents itself most naturally when

these same girls, now become young ladies, apply for admission to high schools, academies, colleges, and universities. No argumentation and no fixed regulations of former days can wipe away from their memory the fact that they stood by the side of their equals, in age and scholastic advantages, of the other sex, and fully maintained their equality with them in the tasks and in the race of mental attainment. So also will it be when they apply for admission to law schools, and medical schools, and theological schools ; and, no doubt, the same sentiment would be found to exist if they should apply for admission to the military and naval schools of the country. These young ladies may ask triumphantly of the more favored male sex: Have we not stood as your equals in the only trial of which the case was capable? If you do not admit that we have, and that we now can, give us the opportunity — now, here, in your very midst — and we will establish that equality, and in some cases our superiority, by evidence that shall leave no possibility of controversy or question.

The same thing, or something quite similar, may occur when these young ladies, having accomplished the course of education which they had proposed to themselves, or which was prescribed for them by their parents and guardians, shall apply for admission as employés in public offices or in private business establishments, as accountants, or book-keepers, or saleswomen, or general managers. Business capacity and tact are what is required in all of these positions, and the female who has stood as an equal by the side of the males of her own age in the classes through which she passed with credit in school may claim, with the full weight of argument in her favor, that she has all the qualifications for the position sought, equally, at least, with her male competitor.

Such are the sentiments of equality which the system of public instruction of this country tends to produce. And these sentiments must extend and grow, if the present

system of co-education shall be continued, till they shall become all-pervading and all-prevailing. The school system of the country is far from being complete. It is, as yet, in comparative infancy, but it is in the hands of men who entertain profound convictions of its utility, and who will take good care that it keeps pace, and even more than keeps pace, with the rapid settlement and growth of the country. It has long been settled that the best place to obtain the rudiments of a good practical education was in the public schools, and many years will not pass before the great body of the American people, both men and women, acting still upon this theory, will look proudly upon this system as their great popular *Alma Mater*. With such a public opinion surrounding our school system, it will not be liable to make a halt in its onward career.

Can there be any doubt, then, of the rapid growth and spread, and the not far distant strength, of the sentiment of equality as between the sexes? A thorough school education is the formation of a second nature. This second nature may be moulded to almost any form and to almost any purpose. The difference between two human beings of either sex is often measured by the difference in extent and improvement, by each, of educational advantages. The difference between the master and the slave is often found to consist simply in the ancestral and individual advantages in this article of education, which the one has enjoyed and improved, and of which the other has been deprived. And this school educational formation is steadily, extensively, and surely spreading through every feature of American society. Its influence, both positive and reflex, is found, first, in those who are annually in the public schools; and, second, through these, up and abroad and everywhere, in every rank and condition of life.

Nor can we doubt that such an all-pervading sentiment must soon, in the nature of things, become all-powerful. While it will be strong and aggressive in the female sex, it

must also dominate all kindred sentiments in the male portion of the community, simply because, having received it as a part of their education, as a constituent part of their second nature, they must ever feel its weight, accompanied with a conviction of its correctness. Man loves truth, and that which rests on his mind with the conviction of truth must, sooner or later, prevail as a part of his own opinions and sentiments. When, therefore, the sentiment of equality between the sexes shall become all-prevalent, through the co-education of the great mass of the people, where shall we look for grounds of opposition to it, or to its natural, if not necessary, consequences, in any department of the business of life, either in the social state or in reference to legal and political rights and privileges?

In these observations I am not unmindful of the large share which social, domestic, and religious education, as contradistinguished from, but yet as concurrent with, school education, may, and even must, have in the formation of character, both male and female. Most undoubtedly these exert, and must continue to exert, a powerful influence in society. At the same time, brains, intellect, mental power must ultimately rule the individual, as they must rule society and rule the world; and, therefore, no matter how much the affections may be developed, or how far the refinements of manners and culture may be carried, the great sentiment of equality under consideration must, through the operation of our school system as now conducted, push itself thriftily out above and beyond all other operative influences, till it shall dominate the whole condition of society.

And this all-prevailing sentiment must ultimately produce its legitimate results. Yea, these already begin to show themselves in what is known as the "woman's rights" question. This is but the blossom springing from a luxuriant foliage, and our argument tends to show that it is only a question of time as to when the ripe fruit shall present itself in full maturity. Such a mighty intellectual

and educational power as we have been considering, when it becomes rooted among the masses of a great people, can occupy no neutral, much less a negative, position in society. National institutions, and laws, and social development are, after all, but the results, the outcroppings, of private and public sentiment. Especially is this the case in a free country, where the popular will, which is but the assertion of popular sentiment, is felt, through popular elections, in every department of life, and where that will must soon assert its prerogative upon every popular question as the supreme law of the land. In this view of our subject it would not be surprising if the school system of this country should, in time, produce a type of civilization which has been wholly unknown in the Old World and in the former history of mankind.

It is remarked by Alexandre Dumas, the son, in his celebrated work entitled "L'Homme Femme"—The Man Woman—that there are certain truths, like certain stars, which have had a positive existence for thousands of ages, but whose light has not yet reached the earth which we inhabit. Now, it may be that the "coming woman," to make use of a phrase which has recently found expression, it may be that the coming woman—in other words, that this great proposition, the equality of the sexes in reference to legal and political rights and privileges—is such a truth, which is approaching the human family. If it shall prove to be such, and if it shall soon reach us, as some believe it will, its approach and its arrival may, I think, be in a great measure attributable, as a natural effect of an efficient cause, to the co-education of the sexes as the same prevails in the system of popular education in this country.

I have thus examined this subject briefly on its merits, and without intending to intimate, much less to express, an opinion on what is known as the "woman's rights" question. Nor have I attempted to point out a remedy for the defect under discussion, if in fact it be a defect, in our

school system. I am quite undecided whether the tendency in question be or be not a defect, and an objection which requires to be corrected. If it shall be so regarded, a remedy at once suggests itself by way of a separation of the sexes in school, accompanied with a different course of instruction for each sex; but this branch of the subject is found, on a moment's reflection, to be surrounded with difficulties, and I prefer to leave the particular consideration of it, if this shall become necessary, to those who may have the school system under their immediate control.

I have intended simply to call attention to the *status* and the apparent tendency of our system of popular education as now conducted. In doing this I have followed where the logic of the subject seemed to lead, and if the reasoning has led, and necessarily does lead, to a condition of equality between the sexes in reference to the rights of property and as to legal and political rights and privileges, the subject and the situation, not the discussion of them, must be held responsible for the consequences. It is a matter which calls for careful reflection on the part of those who have our school system in charge. As we contemplate the subject in its various bearings, the importance of public-school education looms up before the mind in vast proportions; and no right-minded parent, or patriot, or statesman, or philanthropist can rest as an indifferent observer of the consequences which that importance involves.

And this discussion suggests, also, a clear line of duty for "women's men" and "women's women," as they are sometimes called. Instead of thrusting themselves before legislative bodies and into political conventions, instead of hanging to the skirts of politicians and gliding about among the surroundings of political parties, the true place for these people is in the public schools of the country as teachers, and in School Boards as trustees or officers, or as the otherwise active patrons and promoters of our national system of public instruction. Here is to be found the real groundwork —

the real foundation of all they claim and all they advocate. Let the school system as it is now conducted be enlarged and perfected, and let the great body of American youth be brought into it or under its pervading influence, and, if the inference to be drawn from this discussion be the correct inference to be drawn from the subject discussed, the fruits of social, legal, and political equality, whether these points shall be sweet or bitter to the taste, will ere long present themselves as the legitimate, if not the necessary, consequences.

In conclusion, the whole subject may be stated in three general propositions or questions. The first proposition to be considered is whether the school system of the country, as now conducted, really tends, as my argument seems to show, to a condition of equality between the sexes in regard to legal and political rights and privileges. If this first question shall be determined in the negative, that will end the discussion. If, on the other hand, this first question shall be determined in the affirmative, then the second question will arise, namely, whether such tendency be such a defect and objection in our school system as ought to be corrected. If the second proposition, when reached, shall be determined in the negative, that will also be an end of the discussion. But, if this second question shall be determined in the affirmative, then a third question will present itself, namely, as to what is the best and proper mode of arresting and correcting the tendency under consideration. The first proposition is the one which I have discussed in this paper, and, having thus presented it, I leave the subject to those who may have the management of our school system at the present and in the future.

LEVI BISHOP.

DETROIT, March, 1878.

AN IMPROVED ENGLISH ALPHABET.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE SPELLING REFORM CONVENTION, JANUARY 18, 1878, BY T. R. VICKROY, A. M.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN:—It has been made my pleasing duty to present for your consideration the subject of an improved English alphabet. When I remember that the friends of spelling reform throughout the land are anxiously looking for rich results from these meetings, I feel a great responsibility resting upon me. The matter in hand is one of paramount importance, and hence I beg your earnest attention while I proceed to unfold it as best I may.

It is said that "ideas rule the world." Doubtless, ideas are potencies. Man's dominance in the earth is unquestionably due to his power of forming ideals and adapting means for their realization. Whether our ideals are reminiscences brought with us, as

> "Like trailing clouds we come
> From God, who is our home,"

or whether they are the spontaneous products of our god-like powers, it is an indisputable fact that man alone has the power to realize ideals. Indeed, acting in view of ideals, setting ends before one and striving to attain them, is the test of rationality. In all departments of life the leaders of society act in accordance with well-arranged plans. The merchant prince, the statesman, the military leader — all foresee the end from the beginning, and, through wise combinations skillfully executed, determine the issues of life.

Man *progresses* from age to age. Every man is more than what he now appears to be. His history is replete with rich experiences, and he has possibilities continually unfolding

into fuller fruition. As the human mind transcends all time and space, so it must eventually consciously comprehend the *cosmos*. It is this *tension*, constantly seeking to realize ideals, which makes progress possible; and the realization of the highest aims depends upon our power of assimilating the accumulated lore of the ages. One man labors and others *enter* into his labors, and thus the achievements of one become a blessed boon to all.

One distinct phase of this general endowment is the power to utter our thoughts in the forms of spoken and written language. A spoken word is simply the identification of an object, attribute, or relation with its sign. These signs are communicated orally from generation to generation, and are accepted by a clan, tribe, nation, or a vast number of kindred peoples, as is the case with our English words.

The written word is only an ocular representation of the spoken word. In the history of the world, vast strides had been made in the refinements of civilization before written language was invented. The stages of progress were through rude symbols, pictures, syllabic writing, and, finally, alphabetic writing, which, in its reflex influence on all phases of society, is the greatest invention which ever blessed the race. At first the discrimination of sounds was not very exact — the Romans expressing their thoughts through twenty letters, and the Greeks and Hebrews through twenty-two. In the slow growth of centuries the English-speaking peoples have gradually added to the Latin alphabet, until it has grown from twenty to twenty-six characters. The new letters added are j, k, u, w, y, and z. The growth has been made by modifying and transforming certain Greek characters, or combining Latin letters. This is the index-finger pointing to the source from which we must draw our forms in extending the Roman alphabet.

It is in this spirit that the American Philological Association reported in 1876, and in execution of which the friends

of spelling reform — East, West, North, South — are laboring to bring out an alphabet beautiful and simple in form, and adapted to our every-day wants in writing and printing.

The old proverb, "Words are the coin of fools, but the counters of wise men," needs to be ground deeply into the public consciousness. There are so many persons who really deify our present uncouth and barbarous orthography that it is necessary to convince them that the forms of our words are *not* sacred things. Most of these forms are crystallized blunders. But in this age, when improvement and progress is the order of the day; when improved implements and machinery increase production an hundredfold; when steamships, steam-cars, and telegraphs bring the ends of the earth into close proximity, it becomes a prime necessity that the forms of written language should be reduced to the minimum degree of simplicity.

According to our standard dictionaries, there are about forty-four distinct elementary sounds, which must be carefully discriminated in order to pronounce English with accuracy and elegance. This includes diphthongs. To represent these forty-four sounds we have only twenty-three letters, k, q, and x being duplicates. For want of a sufficient number of signs, we have resorted to the use of digraphs and trigraphs, which have become so numerous and indefinite as to necessitate the learning of each word separately — an almost endless task. To illustrate: The twenty vowels and diphthongs, which one must discriminate in pronouncing words according to the best authorities, are represented by forty-two letters and combinations of letters, without taking into consideration the number of times that e, i, u, and y are used as consonants. These forty-two combinations represent the vowels in 133 different ways.

Now, the great task imposed upon children in learning the written language is the almost insuperable difficulty of learning when a certain combination or letter has a given sound. For instance, the sound of long e is represented in

twelve different ways, viz.: Be, pique, pæan, fœtus, read, bee, seize, people, key, grief, quay, Ypres. If the same combination did not note other sounds, the difficulty would be lessened; but e notes five sounds, i notes eleven sounds, æ notes two sounds, œ notes two sounds, ea notes seven sounds; ee notes three sounds; ei notes six sounds; eo notes seven sounds, ey notes three sounds, ie notes six sounds, uay notes one sound, and y notes five sounds. Now, a child, in order to learn to read, must really learn fifty-two arbitrary signs for the same sound. Hence the real gain in having a single sign for each elementary sound, and for each sign to note but one sound, would be in this case 5100 per cent. In some other cases it would not be so large, but on the whole this *quinquaginta*-plication (fiftyfoldness) of signs is the real cause of difficulty, and is the impediment to be overcome. Owing to this great confusion in the use of signs, a vast amount of time and money is annually squandered. It is estimated that two years, at least, of every child's life is consumed by this waste of learning to read and spell; and, since the average time spent in school is about three years, two-thirds of the precious time of the school life of the child is actually wasted. The effort to learn to pronounce and spell our English words is so great that the form of language must be made prominent, to the neglect of the sense of words and elegance in diction. Grammar, which in other languages teaches orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody, has become an ineffectual instrument of culture, as it no longer teaches pupils to speak and write correct English. One able writer estimates that 15,000,000 of school years are wasted in each generation, in the United States alone, through our conglomerate orthography, and another that $15,000,000 are for the same reason annually wasted in primary instruction. If a phonetic method of writing and printing were adopted, better results than we now get in this city could be obtained at an actual annual saving of $200,000. The youth of this city might thus, at

the same cost and in the same time, gain a knowledge of algebra and geometry, book-keeping, become elegant penmen and proficient draughtsmen.

Let every friend of reform make a note of these facts. Let school officers and the friends of education take this matter under consideration, and, as trustees of the best interests of the rising generation and "the millions yet to be," carefully consider it in all its bearings. Let the Press, the real bone and sinew of progress, take hold of the matter energetically, and in less than five years we shall see our language regenerated and smiling like a new-born earth. The kindergarten is demanding a readjustment of primary instruction, and it was this weighty educational problem which led me to make my invention. I think that, with a system of blocks, children can soon learn the powers of the letters, and would be able to begin their school work at the middle of the second school year. This is the adjustment that will solve a grave problem and lift our city, at a stride, to a very high level. Do not think that I imagine that spelling reform will give us the millennium at once, but I am pretty certain that a phonetic orthography would be the beginning of a golden age.

The desirability of spelling reform is becoming more and more apparent. As the Philological Association and the Spelling Reform Association have devoted much careful thought to the subject, it is proper to consider two questions: First, what has already been done; and, second, what yet remains to be done. If we would reach our aim we must work together, harmonize conflicting views, adopt the best, and thus command public confidence.

In 1875 the American Philological Association appointed a committee of five eminent American scholars to consider the subject of spelling reform. In 1876 this committee reported the following, which the association adopted:

"Ħe ịdėal ɑv an alfɑbet iz ħɑt everi sɑund ſud hav its on unvariiŋ sịn, and everi sịn its on unvariiŋ sɑund.

"Ħe Roman alfɑbet iz so wịdli and furmli establiſt in ɥs ɑmɑŋ ħe lėdiŋ çivilịzd naſunz, ħɑt it cannɑt bė displaçt; in ɑdaptiŋ it fɑr impruvd ɥs in Iŋgliſ, ħe efforts ɑv scɑlɑrz ſud bė directed towɑrdz its ɥs wiħ ɥnifɑrmiti and in cɑnfɑrmiti wiħ uħer naſunz."

This was an important step in the right direction. It placed an authorized ideal before those interested, and gives them a definite object to realize. In furtherance of this object, at the annual meeting in July, 1877, the association took a further step in advance; they proceeded to fix the powers of the letters in the present alphabet. Adopting the form of Italic *a*, Greek alpha, for a in father, rejecting j, q, and x, and retaining k as the equivalent of c hard, they have given us an alphabet for twenty-three sounds. The six vowels are: the form of Italic *a* in father, Roman a in fat, e in met, i in pit, o in go, and u in push. The consonants are: b, c (k), d, f, g, h, l, m, n, p, r, s, t, v, w, y, z, with their ordinary English powers. The two vowel sounds for which no characters were adopted were u in but, and o in not. For short o and short u they recommended some modified form of these letters. The new consonant sounds, for which they said new letters would be desirable, are ng in sing, th in thin, th in then, sh in she, zh in azure, ch in child, and g in gem. For these consonants no special forms were recommended. They likewise recommended the use of a transition alphabet. The Spelling Reform Association, through its committee, consisting of Drs. March, Whitney, and Haldeman, adopted the same report and recommended that an attempt be made to bring it into immediate use through a transitional alphabet. Allow me to say that, so far as this report affirms anything, it is in

accordance with the plan presented in the WESTERN last year, and which I have been laboring to perfect, and that, therefore, I am glad to yield to the request of Dr. F. A. March, president of the Spelling Reform Association, and urge upon this convention to reaffirm what has been already done. The step has been carefully taken, and paves the way for a satisfactory reform on an historical basis.

But the other question — what yet remains to be done — is the one in which I am more deeply interested. The ideal of a special sign for each well-marked separate sound is what I have been laboring to realize. On the consonants there is but one point of disagreement, which contradiction can easily be mediated. Some regard ch and j as compound sounds. I think there is both truth and error in this view. When these sounds begin a syllable, they are simple; but when they follow vowels I think the transition is made through a t and a d. Take the word "judge," for example. The initial sound is a consonantized i, but the last j is preceded by the sound of d. I think it is safe to adopt this view, as it would solve the difficulty, harmonize conflicting views, and preserve the form of a vast number of words, by simply substituting ǧ and ſi (etch) for ge and ch. We would, therefore, spell wedge, wedǧ; latch, latſi; judge, judǧ.

In regard to the long vowels and diphthongs, there are three methods to be considered: (1) Diacritical marks; (2) digraphs; and (3) separate signs. A marked letter is a distinct letter to all intents and purposes, while it lacks individuality. Digraphs are objectionable, as they necessitate complex rules for pronunciation, cause confusion when one syllable ends with one letter and the next begins with the same, and double the labor of the writer and printer. Separate signs for each sound has many considerations in its favor. It is in accordance with the ideal; it is sanctioned by the usages of the oldest languages — the Sanskrit having separate signs for long vowels, and the Greeks having made an η and ω for long e and long o. Besides, the very nature

of our language demands it. There are three things that the spelling reform expects to do for the printing fraternity:

1. To dispense with small caps.
2. To render italics useless.
3. To dispense with spacing out lines, by enabling the printer to carry into the next line any part of a word. When letters are no longer needed to determine the power of other letters, this mode of dividing words will become perfectly feasible.

What remains yet to be done is the problem which now seeks solution. As there are twenty vowel sounds carefully distinguished by lexicographers, we should have twenty vowel letters. The vowel sounds are:

1. Eight short or slight sounds;
2. Eight long or medium sounds; and,
3. Four compound vowels or diphthongs.

The sounds are heard in the following twenty words:

ɑunt	ɑnt					ɑ	ɑ		
fare	fat	nɑught	nɑt			a	a	ɑ	ɑ
fail	fell		go	obey		ɐ	e	ʘ	o
feel	fill	summɐr	pool	pull		ė	i	ʊ	ɐ	u	ʊ
aisle		oil	out	yule		ɑ̇	ɑ̇	ɑu	ɥ

The eight short sounds are heard in pin, pen, pan, ant, lot, the, obey, bush. The vowels yet to be provided are the vowels of lot and the, the e before r in unaccented syllables, the sound to which all vowels run, and, therefore, called the protean vowel. To make this matter clear I shall have to use the blackboard.

Taking a, in father, and representing it by common script a, let us place it in the center of our system. We take the vowels of pin, pen, and pan on the left, and of go and push, to the right. By this scheme we find a vowel wanting between a and o. This is the vowel of not, the short o, or short-broad a, of our language. How shall we represent it? As it is sometimes noted by a, and sometimes by o, its posi-

tion suggests its form. Thus : ɑ. It is neither a nor o, and yet it resembles both. Hence it will mediate these two letters in our common spelling, and, therefore, cancel them. Want, not, and a large family of words are thus reduced to uniformity. The next vowel for which a new sign is needed is the protean vowel, represented by all the vowel letters, but generally by e before r in unaccented syllables. It is akin to Italian *a*, only the organs are more nearly closed. The form of this letter should, therefore, resemble a and e, but should be distinct from it. I have invented this form, ɐ. This gives us eight vowel letters, the signs for all the short or slight sounds, which we arrange thus :

i e a ɑ ɐ ɑ o u

But on examination we find that there are also eight long vowels, corresponding to these, some of them differing slightly in quality. The three primitive vowels, A, I, and U, differ only in quantity ; hence the Greeks retained these vowels as common, determining their quantity by external signs. The older languages formed four long signs by combining a and i, and a and u. Thus, ai, our ai, ay, ei, and ey, when both elements became fully canceled in a new sound, notes our long or diphthongal ɑ ; but, when both elements coalesce, it forms our diphthong ɑ̇. Now, how shall we show this historical fact in the form of new letters. For long ā I propose the following letter (ɑ), for many strong reasons : First. The sound generally arises in English from the transformation of Italian *a* under the accent. Take the Latin word *nationis;* we have transformed it into a word of two syllables, viz., nation. The *a* has been changed to ɑ. The sound is generally noted by a or e. The new character should have in it both forms. Hence we take an e and show that *a* has been absorbed into it. But since our long ɑ is an improper diphthong, having a vanishing i in it, we place a dot in the letter to note this fact. In long i we have both a and i, represented in many languages

by ai or ei, and, hence, the proper character to note this sound is a letter in which both a and i are combined. This letter is easily made by dotting Italian ɑ, thus: ȧ. This form carries its own history with it, and through it we can explain a very important phonetic change. For instance, in words where we have long i, such as pine and find, we can trace them to their Latin or Teutonic origin by adding the strengthing ɑ to their original forms. Thus:

pinus=pɑin=pȧn=pi̧n **find**an=fɑind=fȧnd=fi̧nd.

The form of the letter shows how it arises, and is, to my mind, a most important form.

By combining a and u, the older languages also noted two other important vowels, namely, o and ɑu. Long o in French is generally noted by au. This sound is regarded as an improper diphthong, in which the a and u are almost canceled in a new sound, the u being heard as a slightly vanishing sound. As this sound is very frequently noted by ow, the proper character for it would be a letter in which the u should appear as a vanish. Hence the u should appear in the form of the o, thus: ɷ. The au with the power of ow should have both elements equally prominent. Since the u is strengthened by a in a large class of words, the form ɑu shows the phonetic change through which Anglo-Saxon and Latin words have come into English. Thus:

hus=hɑus=hɑus **mus**=mɑus=mɑus.

The sound of a before r, in quite a large class of words, is akin to a in fat, and, hence, should resemble the vowel in fat. But as it is frequently represented by e, as in there, where, heir, it should also contain an e in its form. Now, taking the form of Greek epsilon, a familiar form in script, we may make a new letter which shall be both an a and an e, thus: ɑ. This is likewise in analogy to the character used in Anglo-Saxon: æ. Thus, from all sides — from the history of language, from analogy, from potent formative

phonetic laws — these four diphthongs demand recognition and adoption.

The next form that claims our attention is long ɐ̇. This is the i of continental nations. We have, however, transformed the e of vein into the e of bee in so many instances that our character for this sound should show such change. A character combining i and e would be a good sign, especially since we have so generally placed e after i as a sign of long quantity, as in *field*, *shield*, *yield*. For long, close u, we should have a character suggesting length. The u in push and the u in rule have the same quality, but they differ in quantity. Now, since this sound is frequently noted by oo, and an inverted m resembles two u's, it seems to me that inverted m (ɯ) would be an excellent character for long, close u.

Long or diphthongal u is close ɯ with consonantized i coalescing with it. Thus Latin u becomes long ɥ in many words. An inverted h is suggested for this sound, and makes an excellent character, since it resembles both y and u. It preserves the form of words, and helps the eye to distinguish where thousands of mispronunciations are heard.

For oi we may dot ɑ̇. For u in burn, use ʊ. Thus we get all the needed vowels without going outside of existing forms, which will prevent strangeness, and enable printers to supplement job fonts at a minimum expense, as most of the new letters can be formed by inverting or slightly changing existing letters.

I must beg your further indulgence while I develop the new consonants. We need seven new letters: ng, th (sharp), th (flat), sh, zh, and ch, and g in gem (ġ).

Ng is guttural n, or n before the sound of g or k. Custom notes this sound at the end of words or syllables by ng. Hence, by appending a part of the g to n, or consolidating the two letters, we get a character which commends itself at a glance, thus: ŋ.

For th (flat), which occurs so frequently, we need a let-

ter in which we can recognize t and h. If the letters were as practicable to the type-founder as they are to the crayon, I should prefer a t modification of h, thus: ħ, Ħ.

Sharp th is Greek theta, and, hence, a Romanic form like theta is a good letter, thus: ȣ.

But the letters with which inventors have had most difficulty are sh, zh, and ch. All attempts to make suitable signs for these sounds out of s or c-characters must ever prove abortive.

In Latin the letter i was both a vowel and a consonant. We have invented two letters to note the consonant power of i, viz., y and j. Now, since sh, zh, and ch arise, for the most part, out of a transformed e or i, we should follow the analogy of the j, and see whether we cannot modify j, in some way, so as to get suitable letters.

On examination I find that zh is French j, while y is German j. Here is a singular fact — that the j of the three greatest nations of modern times should differ. But the most singular fact is that the surd correlates of these sounds should be noted by ch; English surd j in child, French surd j in machine, and German surd j in hew. English has absorbed German and French into it.

With these facts before us, let us proceed to try our hand at invention. We distinguish j, ʃ, y. French j by prefixing a *spiritus asper*. As it is rough j, we do not misuse this linguistic sign, which is by inheritance the property of the Aryan peoples. Now, for the surd correlates of these sonants, let us simply invert these letters. By inverting j and attaching a suitable connecting line, we get a letter resembling ch — ſi. This letter can be made from ſi by removing a hair-line. If we invert the French j, to our astonishment we shall find an h with an s in it, a most suitable character for sh. Hence this character may be substituted for the i or e in that large class of words in which we are told that ce, ci, ti, se, si, represent sh. If we wished a character for h in hue, we could invert y.

In regard to the provisional alphabet recommended by

the Spelling Reform Association, I think it should have two traits: First, any printer should be able to make it with a pen-knife; and, second, as it is to mediate the permanent alphabet, it should resemble it as much as possible.

Let us go to a common font of type and see what we can do. For short vowels three additional signs are needed, short o, short Italian a, and the protean vowel. Short Italian a and short o, or short-broad a, can be made by removing the upper part of a d, thus: ɑ. For the protean vowel we can invert ə. This will give us eight signs for the eight short vowels. For the corresponding long vowels we may as readily make suitable signs. For long e we may use the Latin owey, œ, as in English it always represents either long or short e. For long a we may invert ɐ, and we have a letter bearing a close resemblance to the sign proposed by spelling reformers generally. For flat a, the a before r in such words as bear, fare, there, we may use the ayey, æ, which is not a corruption of its ancient use. For long Italian a we may use q, and for long, broad a we may modify q, as here represented. For long, close u, in rule, so frequently represented by oo, we may invert ɯ. Retaining o with its power in go, we have eight long signs. But what shall we do for diphthongs? They are easily made from existing letters. For instance, ɑ̇ and ɑ̈ can be cut from a d. Ou can be made by inverting an m and rounding the left upper corner. Long ū is an inverted h.

To make the consonants is likewise easily done; ng and th can be represented by shaving off a part of these letters and putting them together. The th in thin can be easily cut from fl; its capital from H. We can represent ſ by inverting y; fi can be made out of fi by removing the hair-line. French j may be made by placing a *spiritus asper* before j. Thus we get all needed letters, and if printers will take hold of this, and the papers would publish short articles in each issue in this transitional alphabet, the public would soon become accustomed to the new, and type-founders would make the new letters at a trifling additional expense.

In order to effect spelling reform two things are necessary: first, to fix the powers of the letters now in use; and, second, to identify sounds noted by different letters.

The consonant sounds which need to be fixed are c, g, and s. C remains as hard c, with k as its equivalent. We use c for ch hard, as in anchor; and k for ck at the end of words. For c, when it has the power of s in so, we use ç. G is retained with its power in go. For soft g, as in gem, gin, since it is like j in jet, we make a new character (ġ) resembling both g and j; it will, therefore, fix g and abolish j. In English, s generally has the power of z. As there is in fact no lower-case form of z, we may make a z resembling s; thus, ƶ. We have thus twenty-four consonants, with two duplicates, viz.: b, c (k), ƀ, d, f, g, ġ, h, l, m, n, ŋ, p, r, s (ç), ſ, t, ħ, ŧ, v, w, y, ƶ, j.

For the ends of ordinary writing and printing the vowel letters may be reduced to twelve. This can be done by ignoring the distinction between ɑ in ɑnt and ɑ in ɑunt; ɔ in nought and ɔ in not; o in go and o in obey; ɐ in fate and a in fare; u in push and u in rule; ʊ in but and ɐ her; and by representing oy and ow by their elements, ɔi and ɑu. Thus:

ɑ a e a i ɐ ɨ o ɔ u ʊ ɥ

Below is the alphabet proposed as the instrument for reforming spelling, the duplicates being retained for the double purpose of rendering the new spelling legible, and of fixing the powers of existing letters in accordance with the recommendation of the American Philological Assoçiation:

	Letter.	Power.	Nam.
1.	Ɑ ɑ	**ɑ**nt=ɑnt	ɑ
	Ɑ ɑ	**ɑr**m=ɑrm	ah!
2.	A a	**a**t=at	a
3.	B b	**b**at=bat	bee
4.	C c	**c**ap=cap	key
	K k	**k**eg=keg	

5.	ʃ	ʃ	**ch**urch=ʃurʃ	etch
6.	D	d	**d**og=dɑg	dee
7.	E	e	**e**lk=elk	e
8.	Æ	a	**a**pe=ap	aye (ad.)
9.	F	f	**f**ly=flį	eff
10.	G	g	**g**oat=got	ghee
11.	H	h	**h**and=hand	hee
12.	I	i	**i**nk=iŋk	i
13.	Ɛ	ɛ	**e**agle=ɛgl	ee
14.	Ɪ	į	**i**bex=įbex	eye
15.	J	j	**j**ug=jug	ǰee
		ǧ	**g**em=ǧem	
16.	L	l	**l**ion=ljun	ell
17.	M	m	**m**ouse=mɑus	emm
18.	N	n	**n**ail=nal	enn
19.	Ŋ	ŋ	wi**ng**=wiŋ	ing
20.	O	o	**o**at=got	owe
21.	ɑ	ɑ	**o**t=lɑt	ɑ
	ɑ	ɑ	**o**rk=fɑrk	awe
22.	P	p	**p**igeon=piǰun	pea
23.	R	r	**r**at=rat	ɑre
24.	S	s	**s**wan=swɑn	ess
		ç	**c**ent=çent	
25.	ʃ	ʃ	**sh**eep=ʃɛp	ish
26.	T	t	**t**iger=tįgɐr	tea
27.	Ŧ	ŧ	**th**en=ŧen	thee
28.	Ð	ð	**th**orn=ðɑrn	ith
29.	U	u	b**u**sh=buʃ	u
	U	u	r**u**le=rul	oo
30.	U	ʊ	**u**rn=ʊrn	ʊ
	Ɛ	ɐ	**ea**ther=feŧɐr	ɐ
31.	Ų	ų	**ew**e=yu	you
32.	V	v	**v**at=vat	vee
33.	W	w	**w**olf=wulf	wee
34.	Y	y	**y**ak=yak	yee
35.	Z	z	**z**ebra=zɛbrɑ	zee
36.	Ʒ	ʒ	cro**si**er=croʒɐr	zhee

Will you indulge me a few moments longer? I look out into the future and see the great English-speaking people

dominating the earth. In Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America there is not a city where English shall not be the language of universal intercourse. Each people will have a common language of its own, but the court language — the language of the educated and refined — will be our simple, easy-flowing, easily-spoken English. Shakespeare, Milton, and Bunyan, with their wonderful scope, will be accessible to the world without translations. The time wasted in the past will be devoted to the arts, and the reflex influence of our wide-reaching, phonetic English will have hastened the dawn of an age of culture far exceeding the age of Pericles. Painting, sculpture, decorative art, philosophy, poetry, eloquence, liberty, law, and christianity will be the nine muses of that glorious day. Our band is small, but increasing; our hopes are large and expanding. We are working for eternity. We are moulding the ages to come. Let us mould them for glory, and our work will be crowned with immortal fame.

BOOK REVIEWS.

WONDERS OF THE WORLD; OR, PLACES AND OBJECTS OF GREAT HISTORICAL INTEREST. Henry Freeman. Boston: Alfred Mudge & Son. 1873.

The intention of Mr. Freeman is to supply, through descriptive and stereoscopic views, a knowledge of remarkable places. In opening the book one naturally turns first to the description of his own city. After a brief historical account of St. Louis, Mr. Freeman proceeds as follows: "The literary and educational institutions of St. Louis have, considering their recent origin, attained a high degree of excellence. The University of St. Louis, organized in 1832, under the direction of the Catholics, is a well-ordered, well-sustained, and a most efficient institution. The *medical college connected with it* is also very flourishing. The Washington University, incorporated in 1853, is an institution intended to embrace the whole range of university studies, except theological, and afford opportunity for complete preparation for every sphere of practical and scientific life. In connection with the Public Schools of St. Louis there is a library containing 20,000 volumes, which is an important accessory to the educational advantages of the schools. This library also contains many works of art, besides Indian curiosities, which will repay a visit. The statue of Thomas Benton, in Franklin Square, is an object of interest, with the right hand pointing to the west, and the well-known prophecy engraved: "*The way to the East.*" The effect of the silent speaker is impressive, and the more so as that prophecy is now fulfilled. At the breaking out of the rebellion, in no place did the passions of sectional strife burn with intenser flame than in St. Louis, it being both a northern and a southern city in its character. Then so bitter was the feeling, the most intimate families were separated, never to speak to each other again, although they might live in the same block. The bullet-holes may still be seen in the houses, where *they* fought in the streets. The removal of the United States

arms by stealth into Illinois; the capture of *Fort* Jackson, where walls of earth are still visible; the prompt action of General Lyon, the rule of General Fremont, are incidents that will not be soon forgotten. One object of especial attraction in the vicinity of St. Louis is the celebrated garden of Mr. Gray, which has now been presented to the city. The citizens of this city, for a few years past, have been greatly interested in the hope of one day having the national capital removed within their limits. Even without it they expect their city to be the largest in the interior off the seaboard, if not in the whole country.'' In treating of Boston and the cities of the East, Mr. Freeman's accuracy is fortunately more pronounced; but, upon the whole, the work is more suggestive by its faults than by its excellencies. We recommend our libraries not to buy a copy.

EDITOR.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE NINTH ANNUAL SESSION OF THE AMERICAN PHILOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION, held in Baltimore, Maryland, July, 1877.

The meetings of the association were held on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, July 10th, 11th, and 12th—two sessions daily. Twenty-two papers were read, in addition to the address of President S. S. Haldeman. The subjects were as follows: 1. Temporal Coincidence of the Aorist Participles with the Primary Verb; Augustus C. Merriam, Columbia College, New York. 2. A Comparative Review of the Accounts of the Battle of Salamis, given by Herodotus and Æschylus; E. G. Sihler, Johns-Hopkins University. 3. The Single Case-Form in Italian; Austin Stickney, late of Trinity College. 4. Surd and Sonant; W. D. Whitney, Yale College. 5. The Rhyme in Latin and Greek Poetry; J. B. Fenling, University of Wisconsin. 6. The Modern Greek Language in Cyprus; Fisk P. Brewer, Iowa College. 7. The Views of Wilmanns respecting the Authorship of the Nibelungen Lied; Franklin Carter, Yale College. 8. A certain apparently Pleonastic use of ὡς; F. D. Allen, Mount Auburn, Cincinnati. 9. The Text and Interpretation of certain Passages of the Agamemnon and Æschylus; W. W. Goodwin, Harvard College. 10. The Principle of Economy as a Phonetic Force; W. D. Whitney, Yale College. 11. Semitic Studies, especially as Illustrated in Hebrew, and their Relation to Modern Philology; C. K. Nelson, St. John's

College, Annapolis, Maryland. 12. Personal Reminiscences of Friedrich Ritschl; B. L. Gildersleeve, Johns-Hopkins University. 13. Notes on the Migrations of the Dakotas; Dr. William J. Hoffman, Reading, Pennsylvania. 14. Cork, Orchel, and Jarrock; Dr. J. H. Trumbull, Hartford, Connecticut. 15. Notes on certain Passages in the Phareds and the Gorgias of Plato; Lewis R. Packard, Yale College. 16. Greek Expressions on the Future Perfect Time; W. W. Goodwin, Harvard College. 17. The Vocabularies of Children under Two Years of Age; Edward S. Holden, Naval Observatory, Washington, District of Columbia; 18. Virgil's Views of the Collective Noun; William B. Carr, Petersburg, Virginia. 19. Cockneyisms; W. D. Whitney, Yale College. 20. Forms of Assibitation; William S. Liscomb, Providence, Rhode Island. 21. The Nominal Basis of the Hebrew Verb; C. H. Foy, S. Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Kentucky. 22. A Mistaken View of the Process of Word-making in the American Languages; Dr. J. H. Trumbull. The report of committee appointed in 1875 to take into consideration the whole matter of the reform of English spelling, Professor F. A. March, chairman, was presented by Professor W. D. Whitney. The address of President S. S. Haldeman was directed chiefly to the reform of English spelling. Many of the papers, judged by the brief synopsis given in the report, were doubtless of great interest to students generally.

W. J. S. Bryan.

Catalogue of the Shakespeare Memorial Library. J. D. Mullins. Birmingham: Josiah Allen. 1872, 1873, 1876.

Part I, section 1 is devoted to English editions of Shakespeare's Works; Section 2, to English editions of the Separate Plays, and of the Poems.

Part II, section 1: Works on, or illustrative of, Shakespeare and his Times.

Part II, section 2: Catalogues of sales containing Shakespeare Folios, Quartos, Shakespeariana, etc.; Music to Shakespeare's Words; Articles in English Periodicals relating to Shakespeare and his Works.

Part III: Foreign editions and anas give a list of Shakespeare articles in the principal foreign serials, and a general index of authors, editors, subjects, etc., for the whole work.

While the object of Mr. Mullins has been to catalogue the library under his charge, the nature of the undertaking, and the manner in which it has been executed, has resulted in the most satisfactory of our Shakespearean bibliographies. The bibliographies accessible through Bohn and others have always suffered under two disadvantages; in the first place, their information has been too little descriptive of the contents of the book; and, in the second place, the presence of bibliographical matter other than Shakespeariana has increased the cost and diminished the convenience for those who need a manual of Shakespearean bibliography. On the other hand, the books under consideration forming a catalogue, and not a bibliography, lack certain *desiderata*. The arrangement is apparently by what is technically termed "shelf-number;" an arrangement not calculated to facilitate reference. The books are, in the main, accompanied by descriptive notes, though it is to be regretted that this is not always the case. The enterprise of forming a Shakespeare Memorial Library at Birmingham was fairly begun in 1864, and has resulted most happily. Shakespearean scholars throughout the world were solicited to contribute either Shakespeariana or information, and the response was general. It is as a bibliography that this catalogue has value to us in this country, and the method of collecting the information has given it the value which arises from coöperation, which, in a matter of this kind, must far exceed in value the labors of a single individual, no matter how earnest and scholarly. We feel sure that many students of Shakespeare will be glad to possess themselves of this addition to their libraries, and will be grateful for information which, for a long time, we found it impossible to gain.

EDITOR.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAST FOUR POPES AND OF ROME IN THEIR TIMES. By Cardinal Wiseman. London: Hurst & Blackett.

The preface sufficiently explains the plan pursued by Cardinal Wiseman. "This is not a history, nor a series of biographies, nor a journal, nor what are called memoirs. It is so much of a great moving picture as caught one person's eye, and remained fixed upon his memory; that portion of it which came nearest to him, touched him most closely, interested most deeply his feelings. The description of all this he has endeavored to give with fidelity, by recalling, as vividly as possible, the impression which it pro-

duced at the time it passed before him, piece by piece; and let this sincere account of one witness have its place among the materials of a future historian, who may, perhaps, be searching for those, by preference, which proceed, not from anonymous sources or secondary evidences, but from such as write what they have seen with their eyes, heard with their ears, and touched with their hands, and who, at the risk of unpopularity, fear not to subscribe their depositions." To students of history, to the merely curious reader, to those who, for any reason, desire a vivid picture of modern Rome and of its Pontificate, this book will be very welcome.

EDITOR.

RAPHAEL AND MICHAEL ANGELO. A critical and biographical Essay. By Charles C. Perkins. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1878.

In explaining the *raison d'être* of this volume, Mr. Perkins says: "As in many of the books relating to the two artists their lives and works are fully and ably discussed, the publication of this volume may, at first sight, seem superfluous. My chief reason for hoping that it will not be so considered is that, as far as I know, Raphael and Michael Angelo are here, for the first time, treated of conjointly, so far as facts allow, and opportunity for bringing out the distinctive peculiarities of each by force of contrast has thus been afforded, of which I have endeavored to take advantage." The contents are as follows:

Chapter I. Political and Artistic History of Umbria; The Umbrian School Prior to Raphael's Birth; Giovanni Santi and Perugino. II. Birth and Early Education of Michael Angelo; Works Executed during his Apprenticeship to Ghirlandajo, and while Studying at the Gardens of St. Marks, Lorenzo de Medici, and the Palazzo Medici; Michael Angelo's First Visit to Rome; The Bacchus and the Pietá. III. Gradual Manifestation of Raphael's Individuality Traced in Early Pictures Painted while he was the Scholar of Perugino; Raphael at Siena and at Florence; The Cartoons of Lionardo da Vinca and Michael Angelo; The David, and Other Works by Michael Angelo before 1500; He Returns to Rome; Pictures by Raphael in his Second or Florentine Manner. IV. Julius II.; Michael Angelo Designs his Monu-

ment; Quarrels with the Pope; Goes Back to Florence, and thence to Bologna, where he is Reconciled with Him; Bronze Statue of Julius II.; After a Short Visit to Florence, Returns to Rome; Raphael and Michael Angelo Working in the Pope's Service; The Sistine Chapel Ceiling; Description of it, and Critical Remarks; V. Rome's Influence upon Raphael; Plans for the Restoration of her Ancient Buildings; Frescoes in the Camera della Segnatura; The Disputa, the Parnassus, the School of Athens, and the Jurisprudence; Pictures Painted at Rome Before the Death of Julius II.; The Heliedorus and the Miracle of Bolsena; Frescoes. VI. Accession of Leo X.; Character of his Reign; Michael Angelo and the Façade of San Lorenzo; Exile at Carrara; Works at Florence upon the Monument of Julius II.; The Christ at the Minerva; Contrast Between the Lives of Raphael and Michael Angelo during Leo's Reign; Vatican Frescoes; The Attila, the Liberation of St. Peter; Easel Pictures; The Farnesina Frecoes; Marc Antonio and his Engravings; The Statue of Jonah in the Chigi Chapel at Santa Maria del Popolo; Raphael and Michael Angelo Considered as Architects. VII. The St. Cecilia and the Vision of Ezekiel, by Raphael; Fresco of the Incendio del Borgo at the Vatican; The Scholars of Raphael, and the Assistance which they gave Him; The Cartoons; The Loggie; The Madonna di San Sisto and the Transfiguration; Death of Raphael, and Critical Estimate of him as a Painter. VIII. Causes of Michael Angelo's Apparent Hostility to Raphael; Intrigues of Sebastiano del Picombo and his Friends; Death of Leo X.; Clement VII.; Successive Contracts for the Monument to Julius II.; Ultimate Result; The Moses, the Prisoners, at the Louvre, etc.; Siege of Florence; The Medici Tombs at San Lorenzo. IX. Bust of Brutus; Michael Angelo Commissioned to Paint the Last Judgment by Pope Paul III.; Appointed Head-architect of St. Peter's; The Dome of St. Peters. X. The Old Age of Michael Angelo; His Poems; Vittoria Colonna; Works of the Reformers in Italy; Tominaso de Cavalieri, Luigi del Riccio, Vasari, and Lionardo Buonarroti; Last Works of Michael Angelo; His Death and Funeral Obsequies; Portraits of Him; Estimate of his Character and Genius.

Appendix *a*. The Medici Collections. *b*. The Birthday of Michael Angelo, a Poem; *c*. Account of the Tapestries of

Raphael. *d.* The Portraits of Michael Angelo. *e.* Extract from Passavant's Le Peintre Grovure, Concerning the Engraving by Jacob Binct.

EDITOR.

PROSE AND VERSE, HUMOROUS, SATIRICAL, AND SENTIMENTAL. By Thomas Moore. Edited by Richard Herne Shepherd. Prefaced by R. H. Goddard. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1878.

Many lovers of English poetical literature are already aware of this addition to Moore's voluminous contributions, but there are doubtless many who are not so informed. This *collectanea* presents Juvenile Pieces (six in number); Satirical and Humorous Poems (thirteen in all), which are rather more inviting than the specimens better known to fame; Contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, which consist of Lord Thurlow's Poems; "The Fathers;" French Novels; French Official Life; Anne Boleyn; Private Theatricals; German Rationalism; The Round Towers of Ireland; A Letter to the Roman Catholics of Dublin; M. P., or the Blue Stocking, a Comic Opera in three acts; The Chapter of the Blanket; A Fragment; Letters to Leigh Hunt; and Notes for Moore's Life of Lord Byron.

To the devoted student of Moore every relic has a value; but to the general reader this volume presents enough of entertainment to prove a welcome addition to a miscellaneous library.

EDITOR.

CHOICE READINGS FOR PUBLIC AND PRIVATE ENTERTAINMENT. Arranged for the Exercises of the School, College, and Public Reader, with Elocutionary Advice. Edited by Robert McLain Cumnock, A. M., Professor of Rhetoric and Elocution, Northwestern University. Evanston, Illinois. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1878.

The selections contained in this volume are excellent, combining, in unusual degree, literary merit with rhetorical interest and elocutionary possibilities. They will, as the preface states, "furnish material for every possible exercise in the ordinary requirements of school life, as well as the more formal exercise of Public Reading and Declamation."

For proper elocutionary development and training the Narrative, Descriptive, and Didactic should come first. The teacher, of course, will see to this, if he understands his business; but, con-

sidering how many blindly follow their text-books, it is desirable to arrange a school manual with due reference to the lack of judgment in various degrees on the part of those who are to use it. Few, indeed, even of special teachers, realize the importance of making their pupils begin with the Narrative, Descriptive, and Didactic. Every student of the art should first acquire proficiency in what the author calls Common Reading, which, in its perfection, is as rare as common sense. Beginning with, or passing too soon to, the Pathetic, the Grand, or the Oratorical often gives rise to mannerisms which can never be wholly eradicated.

It is questionable how far the printed page can take the place of oral instruction in elocution; with the ordinary pupil it must be to a very limited extent. The directions here given presuppose such knowledge of elocutionary *technique* as would render them, for the most part, unnecessary. Their chief merit is their consciseness, which will secure for them an attention seldom given to the lengthier introductory remarks with which so many readers are padded. Professor Cumnock is not clear in his definition of the Orotund, and leaves a doubt in our minds as to whether he is perfectly clear in his own understanding of its nature and use. His explanation of the difference between the Orotund and the Natural Voice would tend to blur in the student's mind the distinction between Quality and Force; and his introduction of the Orotund only in connection with the Grand, Sublime, and Reverential styles would strengthen this erroneous impression. Solemnity cannot be expressed by the Natural Voice; and Thanatopsis, and other selections under that heading, could hardly receive an appropriate rendering without the employment of more or less orotund. Any one who has taught elocution knows the difficulty of keeping pupils from confusing Quality of Voice with Force or Pitch. The three requirements given for each style of reading, though just, are not based on a single classification. They are, in the main, sensible and practical, and, as I have before intimated, will accomplish more for those in the condition to profit by them than much fuller and more minute directions, with their slender chances of being read.

The typography is good — an essential feature of a book of this kind — and the general appearance of the volume is creditable to the publishers.

F. M. Crunden.

On the Study of Words. Richard Chevenix French. New York: W. J. Widdleton. 1878.

Archbishop Trench's lectures on popular philology are too well known to need any introduction. Thomas D. Suplée, the editor of this revision, has added, "first, a complete and exhaustive analysis of the revised text; second, a set of questions; * * * third, at the end of each lecture a list of words illustrating its various topics." Mr. Supplée's changes are intended to adapt the work for school use, and are insufficient in character and extent to lend any special value to the edition. On the other hand, the revised text of Dean Trench's own work, the notes and references, and the words selected for illustration have undergone sufficient revision to render this edition preferable to the earlier ones.

These words, appearing in the edition of 1868, have been rejected: Apis, Camlet, Canon, Cannon, Carnival, Caucus, Churl, Cockle, Conscience, Dabcheek, Derivation, Etonner, Gewissen, Guilt, Hawk, Heaven, Journal, Jutes, Left, London, Malapert, Mergus, Osprey, Owe, Pavo, Pavone, Pert, Poix, Quarrel, Quick, Raven, Selig, Sodalicum, Strong, Terremote, Universities, Vallenses, Virtuoso, Virtus.

To furnish an idea of the extent of the revision I give a list of additions, stopping with the letter E: Aborigines, Academy, Acheron, Agate, Ajax, *Ἀγρωτηριάζειν*, Albern, Albert, Alcoran, Alderman, Alemanni, Alligator, Ananas, Antistrophic, Arras, Artful, *Ἄρτος*, Assimilation, Assinissimo, Assise, Atavism, Atlas, Atonement, Atriusumber, Avernus, Avunculize, Bädeker, Bafomet, Bantam, Banter, Barb, Barnacle, Bequine, Bilboa, Blaque, Blaquer, Book, Breviary, Buhl, Buonaparte, By, Cadaver, Calling, Camelia, Carp, Carronade, Cavalloni, Céladon, Celandine, Chalcedony, Chapel, Chevalier d'Industrie, Chimerical, Chouan, Ciborium, Circle, Clara, Closet, Cocytus, Columba, Conceit, Copper, Copperhead, Cornwall, Cosmopolite, Crocodile, Cuckoo-flower, Curia Romana, Cynantomachy, Daffodil, Dahlia, Dalmatic, Damhele, Decimate, Dedal, Delator, Demonetize, Dérailler, Dérayer, Despecificate, Dictator, Dirne, Dissimilation, Dolomite, Dominican, Dominissimus, Donat, *Δῶρημα*, Dormitantius, Drepanum, Dropsy, Druid, Duplicity, Earl, Elend, Ellinge, Ember, Ennui, *Ἐπιχαιρεκακία*, Epicurean, Epidamnus, Erigena, Escobander, Essene, Essentia, Essil, Esther, Estimation, *Εὐήθεια*, *Εὐλογία*, Eumenides, Europe, Exonerate.

In a college course such a book would be of great value to most students; but it seems to us there is no place for philological instruction in any course lower than the university. On the other hand, as an introduction to the results of philology, as a means of ready reference to many words, Bishop Trench's book can be used with profit by any one of fifteen years.

EDITOR.

ARTIST BIOGRAPHIES. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1878.

The house of Osgood & Co. still exists, but the firm-name has undergone a change. Messrs. Houghton and Mifflin, of the firm of Hurd & Houghton, and Mr. Osgood, of Osgood & Co., have formed the new firm of Houghton, Osgood & Co., so that the reputation so well earned by the two old firms cannot but be increased by the new publishing house. The set of books at the head of this notice forms one of the last which bears the imprint of Osgood & Co. The publishers' announcement conveys so adequate an idea of the nature of the undertaking that we quote from it: "The growth of a popular interest in art and its history has been very rapid during the last decade of American life, and is still in progress. This interest is directed towards the lives of artists themselves, and a general demand exists for a uniform series of biographies of those most eminent, which shall possess the qualities of reliability, compactness, and cheapness." "The series will be published at the rate of one or two volumes each month, at 50 cents each volume, and will contain the lives of the most famous artists of mediæval and modern times." The three volumes already issued are devoted to Murillo, Titian, and Rembrandt. Mr. M. F. Sweetser has been intrusted with the compilation and editing of these volumes, and his prefaces present brief, but valuable. bibliographies of the biographies of artists. Mr. Sweetser's style is rather unpleasant—sometimes from an arrangement of the sentence which is too declamatory, more generally from a continuance of short sentences, which makes a page read more like a diary than a narrative—still, on the side of positive knowledge, these books have a very definite value. In this connection it will not be irrelevant to suggest that the same publishers might meet a very real want by a companion volume, which should give an intelligent explanation of the stock of terms which furnish the capital for many *connoisseurs*, but which are the

despair of the uninitiated. In the fine arts, as in many other directions of interest, people seem to "know all about a subject," or else to be in entire ignorance, and no provision is made for those who are anxious to relieve their ignorance. To illustrate from literary criticism: We may be told that Tennyson's "Cæsura is too artificial," or else we are treated to raptures and interjections upon the blank verse of Milton and Shakespeare; but they seem to have arrived at this easy assurance in some inscrutable way, which they are unable or unwilling to divulge to those less fortunate. What we need is criticism which will bridge over the gap between the known and the unknown, by giving the reasons upon which the judgments of the critic are founded.

Dictionary of English Literature. W. Davenport Adams. London: Cassell, Petter & Galpin. 1878.

This is intended to be a cyclopædia of literary information, and presents, arranged alphabetically, familiar quotations, first lines of many poems, the authorship of books better known by their titles, pseudonyms, while it is mainly occupied with the interests of literary biography. The dates assigned by Mr. Adams for the publication of various works by their different authors again raises the question of authority in matters of chronology. As has been said heretofore, Allibone, Lippincott, Woodward & Cates, and Morley are widely at variance in stating the dates of publication of various works, and now still further uncertainty is introduced by Mr. Adams. An appeal to some of the leading librarians in the country resulted in nothing, and it would be a real service if somebody who has, or can obtain, the information would state the name of the compiler who is to be relied upon. This "Dictionary" is much superior to any similar work, at least for general use, and those whose special interests are in literature will do well to add it to their collections. Our libraries specially need every convenience of this kind, and we doubt not but that they will supply themselves with it.

Editor.

A Course in scientific German. Prepared by Harry Blake Hodges, Instructor in Chemistry and German in Harvard University. Boston: Ginn & Heath. 1877.

The first part of this book contains forty-two exercises on Phys-

ics (Mechanics, Sound, Light, Heat, Electricity, and Magnetism), Chemistry (Theoretical Chemistry, Water, Oxygen and Hydrogen, Non-light, and Heavy Metals), Mineralogy (Morphology of Aggregates, Physical Properties, Classification), and Botany (Morphology, Physiology). These exercises are arranged in the following way: First, a vocabulary and a German reading-lesson; then, a vocabulary, an English reading-lesson, and questions are given. About 250 words are well translated (German-English and English-German). Of these 250 words there are many that needed no translation, in our opinion. In Exercise 1, for instance, Gegenstand, betrachten, stattfinden, and berühren are translated, while Eigenschaft, erfüllen, Verschiedenheit, abstossend, and Abstossungskraft are not translated at all. The same objection can be made to most of all the other exercises. The "Questions" are very good, and to the point. For the first two exercises, for instance, the following questions are given (p. 3): Was versteht man unter "Physik?" Womit ist der Raum erfüllt? Was ist also ein Natur Körper? Wie viele Aggregatzustände der Materie giebt es? etc.

The second part of the book contains, on fifty pages, seventeen well-selected German essays by Liebig, Müller, Helmholtz, Tresenius, Bunsen, Kirchhoff, etc. Each essay has a brief biography of the author. In one of these we noticed a small mistake. Bunsen was not born on the 31st, but on March 12th. The "Meyer's Hand-Lexicon," which, as it seems, has been consulted in giving these biographies, has also the 12th.

The last part of the book (sixty-nine pages) contains a vocabulary (German-English and English-German) of about 4,000 words. The words are excellently translated. The principal sources consulted in the preparation of this vocabulary are: "Lucas' German and English Dictionary," and "Bischoff's Deutsch-lateinisches Verzeichniss der botanischen Kunstausdrücke," and the glossaries in "Gray's Botany" and "Dana's Mineralogy."

We doubt not that the object of this book, "to enable American students to read with ease the scientific literature of Germany," will be gained.

The book is printed on fine paper, in clear types, and prettily bound. The price — we paid $1.00 for it — is a fair one. We recommend the book very highly.

Wm. H. Rosenstengel.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF CHARLES DICKENS. By Phebe A. Hanaford. Augusta, Maine: E. C. Allen & Co. 1875.

Dickens, the writer, is, and must continue to be, popular, and, consequently, any contribution to the literature which takes his works as its theme will find many to welcome it. The writer sees what many have felt — the source of Dickens' influence in "Sympathy for the Poor, Love for the Young, and the Golden Rule." From the ordinary stand-point of literary criticism, Dickens' claims to immortality of fame are unsettled, but there is no uncertainty about the persistence of his influence in the education of the masses of readers. Probably the discrepancy in the results of different critics arises from the application of different standards. To the purists, Dickens is not "a present deity;" to the student of character, Dickens' novels suggest alike a certain tendency to caricature, and to some a want of interest from the circles of society by which he illustrates the world; to the student of social problems, there may occur the suspicion that Dickens' popularity is not attained by appeals to the noblest instincts of humanity. Still, before any valid conclusions are reached, it will be necessary to see whether what seem defects to some may not be excellencies when regarded from the proper point of view. Philosophy must accept phenomena and adapt its explanations to them; not as some seem to suppose, to evolve laws for the universe and require the universe to obey these laws. Hence, when a writer like Byron, or Wordsworth, or Tennyson, or Dickens — or, indeed, any great genius — violates what we have regarded as the laws of literary composition, and nevertheless succeeds in becoming an actual influence upon the lives of us all, we shall probably be compelled to accept the phenomenon and restate what we have been taught to consider as these laws. The old fable which depicted man as carrying behind him his own faults, and in front of him the faults of others, has not yet ceased to be true, and, hence, while all thinking men are compelled to seek explanations, many confound particular systems with that philosophy which alone proves its truth by furnishing, not *an* explanation, but *the* explanation. As an historical fact, Dickens no longer ministers to the instruction and entertainment of all classes in the community. Still, the explanation is not necessarily found in his waning glory; it may be sought, for instance, in the nature of the novel which can, from its nature, endure but a season; so that Fielding, while generally conceded to

be unsurpassed as a novelist, no longer affects any one but the student of literature. While any one with the privilege of stating his antagonist's position may easily prove his adversary in the wrong, there can be no question but that Dickens is a great factor in the popular judgment of social questions, and that, whether for good or for evil, whether through his intention or his dramatic skill, Dickens will long continue to exert an immense influence upon popular thought. It is very difficult for those who have always been clean to believe that "cleanliness is next to godliness," as Matthew Henry says; but those who are engaged in movements for improvement and advancement will be forced to accept the logical order of these interests. So, while literary autocrats may prefer the laws which they would make to the laws which, by study of phenomena, may be discussed, they will still be irritated by the fact that these writers, whose works indicate sympathy with the most pressing needs of mankind, will exercise an influence which in endurance and extent will far exceed the more formally correct authors, whose education tends to separate them from any sympathy except with a class. Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Bacon, in English literature, prove that men may be greatr and yet be guiltless of contempt for the multitude; that men may be of the greatest, and yet receive the warmest sympathy from the humblest. Milton and Pope illustrate the common fact that men may be great, and yet have no influence except upon relatively small circles of readers. Charles Lamb, and more especially Tom Hood, show that men, without being of the greatest, may nevertheless, through their intense sympathy with human beings as human beings, enjoy a fame as lasting and an influence as potent as their intellectual superiors, who are inferior in this common bond among men. And, finally, men like Gray and Dickens may, through this sympathy (real in their works, though doubtful in their lives), attain a universality of fame and influence which is, perhaps, in contradiction to results denied by the application of a purely "literary" standard. The perfect literary work, like the human being, must have "men's *sana in corpore sano;*" but the emphasis of the world, which ultimately decides, will always be laid upon the wholesomeness of the work, and not upon the perfection of the execution.

Miss Hanaford's various chapters, written in an easy, pleasant style, occupy themselves as follows: I. Birthplace; Youthful

Labors; The Attorney's Clerk; Finding His Place; Beginnings; The Young Reporter. II. Steadily On; Sketched by Boz; Wine-Drinking Countries; Our Next-Door Neighbors; The Drunkard's Grave; Sporting Papers. III. Willis' Description of Dickens—His Inimitable Humor; Emerson's Criticism; Hugh Miller's Opinion; London *Review;* Pickwick Papers; Sam Weller's Valentine; The Ivy Green; Death in Prison. IV. The Novelist; E. P. Whipple's Testimony; Oliver Twist; Asking for More; Pauperism in England; Nancy Sykes; Jew Fagin. V. Nicholas Nickleby; Opinion of *The Methodist;* Thackeray's; The Squeer's School; Henry Ward Beecher's Testimony. VI. Master Humphrey's Clock; London Years Ago; Country Pictures; Barnaby Rudge; Old Curiosity Shop; Death of Little Nell; Mr. Dickens' Speech; Funeral of Little Nell; Landor's Testimony; Child Pictures, from Dickens; Memoirs of Grimaldi. VII. Testimony of the New York *Tribune;* American Notes for General Circulation; Wholesome Truths for a Nation; Slavery; Bad Manners; Alleghanies; Niagara. VIII. Martin Chuzzlewit; Pictures from Italy; First Carol; Tiny Tim; The Chimes; Cricket on the Hearth. IX. *The Daily News;* Dombey and Son; Death of Little Paul. X. The Reality of Fiction; David Copperfield; Opinion of *Fraser's Magazine;* The Shipwreck; Uriah Heep; Little Em'ly; A Lone, Lorn Creature. XI. Bleak House; Death of Poor Jo; Uncommercial Traveler. XII. Little Dorritt; Hard Times; Dr. Marigold. XIII. Household Words; All the Year Round; Great Expectations; Tale of Two Cities. XIV. The Diamond Edition; Portraits of Mr. Dickens; Our Mutual Friend. XV. Dickens as a Reader and Actor; His First Appearance in Boston; His Last Reading in Boston. XVI. His Domestic Relations; Gad's Hill; Shakespeare's Mention. XVII. Mystery of Edwin Drood; Sudden Illness; Death. XVIII. Last Letters of Mr. Dickens; The Queen's Sorrows; A Nation Mourns; The Funeral of the Great Novelist. XIX. How the News of Mr. Dickens' Death was Received; Henry Ward Beecher's Sermon; The Voice of the Press; XX. Sympathy for the Poor; Love for the Young; The Golden Rule.

EDITOR.

CURRENT NOTES.

Acknowledgments. — The publishers, in issuing the last number, met with those delays which "will occur in the best regulated of" publishing houses, and, hence, we are unable to return our thanks for the welcome which will, we hope, be extended to the March-April Western. We have, however, to recognize greetings for Vol. IV, No. 1, which greetings reached us too late for the March-April number. The Boston *Commonwealth*, the Chicago *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, the New York *Sunday Call*, the *Library Table*, and the Glasgow *Institute*, have been received and contain congratulations upon the new issue.

Johns-Hopkins University. — On February 22d the authorities of this institution held a "Commemoration of its Second Anniversary," and addresses were delivered by President Gilman, President Eliot, of Harvard, Hon. George Wm. Brown and Professor Remsen, of the Johns-Hopkins faculty. The guests present included Professor Child, of Harvard; Dr. Julius E. Hilgard, of the United States Coast Survey; Professor Simon Newcomb, of the National Observatory; Bishop Coxe, of New York; Professor Sheperd, of Baltimore City College; Dr. Gallaudet, of Connecticut; and E. L. Godkin, editor of *The Nation*. The significance of all this to the rest of the world lies in two or three facts, to which it is proposed to call attention. The significance implied in the foregoing mention of the guests arises from the indication that it gives of learned men themselves transcending what they speak of as the "trammels of ordinary life" — the renunciation of personal interests for that catholicity which welcomes worthy endeavor, even when exerted beyond the limits of our own corporation. To the world at large it is of consequence that good deeds should be done, not that they should be the act of any particular individual. But the atmosphere breathed by those who can welcome the legitimate triumph of a rival is too rare to be breathed by ordinary

mortals; and, hence, we find that many who blame their brothers' weakness are themselves not beyond the temptation of underestimating or misrepresenting valid results, if these promise to confer honor which they desire for themselves. Hence it is strengthening to see that our most prominent scholars can, at least formally, recognize the great truth of the catholicity of honest endeavor.

The addresses themselves speak with no ordinary tone, and possess, in consequence, no ordinary or transient interest. President Gilman's address was necessarily determined by the circumstances under which it was delivered. Much of it is, therefore, occupied in a statement of results already accomplished by the university of which he is the official head. Still, he finds opportunity for recognizing and stating the essential principle of a true university, which he finds in its fostering all educational facilities already existent, and in the creation of those only which are not otherwise provided for. It is but recently that we have had occasion to notice the adoption of this policy upon the part of Washington University; a policy which, if persevered in, must give us the benefit of a real university influence as distinguished from the scholastic elements, which are but the instrumentalities of a university. Professor Remsen's address directly concerns itself with illustration of the character and validity of the work already accomplished by the special students of the university, and makes one almost envious of opportunities which many of us expected to find in a college, and found ourselves without, upon the completion of our course. One sentence is so happily significant of a truth yet to be realized by students that we cite it: "If there are advantages, then, in an institution which assumes the proud name of university we should see to it that the connection between the highest and lowest is kept up; that work of the character described [the work of the specialist] should go on; that the performance of such work should be one of its characterizing features." Judge Brown, in a more rhetorical way, enforces these same lessons upon the true university function, in saying: "If the university grows and flourishes, it will be by its own merits, and not by factitious influences," and "whatever else the university may or may not be, it is a standing protest against the charlatanism of the age." "Knowledge is worthless unless it leads to truth; science is false science unless it has truth for its sole aim and object." The remarks of both Judge Brown and of Presi-

sident Eliot are injured somewhat by the introduction of views rather individual than of general acceptance among men of similar qualifications for the expression of sound opinions. With the Protestant right of interpretation all might subscribe to President Eliot's statement that "There is but one defense for free government — a well-conducted, superior education; for the highly educated people, the leaders of thought, are the nation's natural leaders." But the idea of the Johns-Hopkins University, unless its representatives misrepresent it, would distinguish between highly educated people and those who have the wisdom derivable from high education; those who participated in the spirit which we are told is the moving spirit of the Johns-Hopkins would not determine leadership by scholarship unless the battle was to be fought upon the ground of the scholar; they would reprobate and resist the tyranny of a learned class with the same earnestness and for the same reason that they would resist any other form of tyranny. In short, unless this Johns-Hopkins commemoration has, like many other celebrations, led to the utterance only of noble sentiments cleverly expressed; unless the whole celebration was a display of intellectual pyrotechnics designed to conciliate those who might later be found useful; unless, in short, we have another very clever counterfeit for a genuine presentation — then the views advanced by President Gilman, and more especially by Professor Remsen, are to distinguish and govern the university of the future. Unless the educated man can see his material in the uneducated, but educable, man; unless higher education increases, while it renders more intelligent, our sympathy with every other form of honest effort, "the natural leaders of society" will find increasingly in the future, as they have to no small extent discerned in the past, that the real leaders of mankind are, in the end, those who see most clearly and serve most unselfishly the interests of mankind.

Wendell Phillips has been here and lectured, and afforded yet another illustration of that supremacy as an orator which enables him to charm even those who do not trust the soundness of his views. The *Evening Post* says that "Wendell Phillips, in his recent lecture, presented the best, and most effective, and most unobjectionable argument for woman suffrage that it has ever been our privilege to take note of. He made no claim whatever on the

ground of equal rights, or the wrongs of women. * * * He said frankly that he did not believe women were any better than men, or entitled to any more privileges or immunities than they; but he did believe that in all things it were better for men and women to work together. * * * He showed the immense power for evil that the intemperate and ignorant possessed because they were armed with the ballot. He could see no way to counteract this but to call to the rescue the vote of the intelligent women of the country." Is it not pertinent to inquire whether the ballot is proposed only for the intelligent women of the country, or whether "the immense power for evil wielded by the intemperate and ignorant" would not be increased *paripassu* with the reinforcement of the intelligent? It seems to us that political privileges are to be discussed in the light of sociological principles rather than in the spirit of social chivalry or moral enthusiasm. It does not seem to us that, because "woman's presence has helped the cause of purity, refinement, and truth" in literature and art, it logically follows that her political presence would remedy the evils under which we suffer. We need an intelligent patriotism which will not subordinate principles and beliefs to personal aggrandizement, and it is hardly doubtful whether we shall obtain this by any but the simple means of "doing right in scorn of consequences." It is from this stand-point that we must consider Wendell Phillips' recommendations when we discuss the question of expediency — the question of natural right can hardly sustain itself. Apart from the accidents of education and present political *status*, would human experience lead us to expect that political equality, or rather political identity, would tend to elevate the political standard and idealize, instead of still further materialize, the standard of right? Or, in all arguments for the political identity of woman, are we met with the fallacy of contrasting the best of women with the worst of men? In the method of urging this reform, is there not a strong suspicion of persistency in purpose rather than of that rational will which alone can support or improve the evils of social life?

Poetic prose seems at present to be an interesting matter of controversy, and in the last *Atlantic* there is a curious arrangement of antithecal prose which the writer seems to consider as identical with poetry. It seems to us that many of our critics are carried

away on the wings of their own rhetoric, so that, after stating that criticism is the work of the understanding, their words have no significance to any but their readers. Dr. Johnson has long been ridiculed for doing well what many of those who condemn him do exceedingly ill — for the application of the laws of the understanding to the creations of the imagination. Bottom among the fairies, or Jacques parodying the love songs of Amiens, is not more grotesque than a materialist attempting to try things spiritual by material standards, an idealist attempting to deal with material interests in a manner suited only to the subtle explanations of speculation, or a prosaic mind expecting by formal criticism to apprehend that which distinguishes "prose from worse." Poets frequently rhyme; hence rhyme is the distinctive quality of poetry. Poets use inversion in their sentences; hence inverted sentences will constitute poetry. Poets use unfamiliar words; hence a strange vocabulary will result in poetry. Poets use figurative language; hence "the metaphor is the soul of poetry." Poets versify; hence skillful versification is the essence of poetry. All of these views have found advocates among men of ability; their supporters have lacked only ability for poetical criticism. If, however, we approach our criticism of poetry on the side of its nature, and not upon the side of form, we will be more likely to reach all that intellectual criticism can reach — a knowledge of the conditions under which poetry is produced, and of the conditions under which it is appreciated through our sensibilities. The poet, like the impassioned prose-writer, sees things through his feelings, and not through his understanding; sees things, not as composed of parts and as having formal connection, but as constituting a single picture, whose details are determined solely by the feeling which is paramount. The poet utters what his feelings dictate, and not what his understanding would suggest; he is the medium through which his feelings find expression, and not the director of a movement in which he has no personal interest; his is a free, creative activity, and not a capable management of intelligent skill — as a consequence his figures are not chosen, but form an inseparable part of the feeling which they convey; his words are not selected, but fit themselves to his mood; his sentences may or may not be inverted, but their inversion, if inversion there be, differs *toto coelo* from any inversion possible in prose; his versification varies with each excitement of feeling, not because he skillfully selects a har-

mony, but because, under the influence of strong feeling, one unconsciously adopts that rhythm which is inseparable from words which are not signs and symbols, but which are permeated with that feeling which forces the poet to expression. A versifier may show skill in execution, but there is lacking that "expression" which those who love music will insist upon, even, if necessary, at the cost of mechanical irregularities. A well-instructed man may, by sheer force of an educated intellect, give us wonderful imitations of poetry, but those by whom poetry is appreciable find in his work only the illusions of the apples of Sodom. Poetic prose will, we are sure, ultimately be found to be a myth, and the term, like many in physics, will be retained only from motives of veneration. Poetic prose, except as a misnomer for highly figurative prose, is as absurd as any floral hybrid — an unintended *oxymoron*, it is like "frozen music," "stiffened billows," "motionless torrents," and "silent cataracts," and as unreasonable from the logic of the intellect as it is justifiable by the logic of the imagination.

The University Club, on Friday and Saturday evenings, March 1st and 2d, entertained its members and their friends with a "Loan Collection," which in excellence and variety excelled any exhibition that we have had except the one given last season under the auspices of the Mercantile Library. As our specimens of art are as yet confined to the galleries of private gentlemen, it may be of interest to reproduce the catalogue. Many of our readers will care to know some of our possessions in the shape of paintings, and all our city subscribers will be glad to learn that, if we have still to wait for a museum of fine arts, we have made good progress in the direction which shall ultimately secure us so desirable an addition to our "places of public interest."

SUBJECT.	ARTIST.	OWNER.
Noonday Rest,	Hartmann,	M. D. Collier.
Cattle,	Verbeckhoven,	M. D. Collier.
Contemplation,	Jacquet,	M. D. Collier.
South American Scenery,	H. A. Ferguson,	M. D. Collier.
	DRAWINGS.	
Interior,	E. Klimach,	S. A. Coale.
Interior,	E. Klimach,	S. A. Coale.
Interior,	E. Klimach,	S. A. Coale.
	PAINTINGS.	
Forbidden Books,	Vibert,	F. L. Ridgeley, Jr.

SUBJECT.	ARTIST.	OWNER.
	PAINTINGS.	
Paysage,	Lambinet,	F. L. Ridgeley, Jr.
La Vidette,	De Neuville,	F L. Ridgeley, Jr.
La Danseuse,	Louis Leloir,	F. L. Ridgeley, Jr.
Dispute at Cards,	David Col,	F. L. Ridgeley, Jr.
Dragoon,	Detaille,	F. L. Ridgeley, Jr.
On the Seine, near Longival,	Emil Lambinet,	W. W. Harris.
Landscape,	Eugene Ciceri,	W. W. Harris.
Cardinal,	G. Simoni,	Carl Gutherz.
Sketch,	Carl Gutherz,	Carl Gutherz.
	CHARCOAL SKETCHES.	
Early Morning,	H. C. Ives,	H. C. Ives.
Evening,	H. C. Ives,	H. C. Ives.
	PAINTINGS.	
Louis Napoleon,	J. Roy Robertson,	J. Roy Robertson.
Study of a Head,	J. Roy Robertson,	J. Roy Robertson.
Pirates of the Desert,	Paul Harney,	Paul Harney.
Morning,	J. M. Tracy,	J. M. Tracy.
Noon,	J. M. Tracy,	J. M. Tracy.
Evening,	J. M. Tracy,	J. M. Tracy.
Pride of Shiraz,	George Harney,	George Harney.
Waterfall in Bavaria,	Louis Schultze,	Louis Schultze.
	SCULPTURES.	
Sketch — Peace,	Howard O. Kretschmar,	H. O. Kretschmar.
Medallion,	Howard O. Kretschmar,	H. O. Kretschmar.
Medallion,	Howard O. Kretschmar,	H. O. Kretschmar.
	PAINTINGS.	
Chalk Cliff at Yport,	Harry Chase,	Pettes & Leathe.
View on the Seine,	Jules Rozier,	Pettes & Leathe.
Carnations and Rose,	Miss M. F. Smiley,	Miss M. F. Smiley.
Carnations and Heliotrope,	Miss M. F. Smiley,	Miss M. F. Smiley.
Near the Têche,	J. R. Meeker.	J. R. Meeker.
The Broken Hoop,		J. G. Chapman.

Although comparatively few in number, all were more than ordinarily excellent, and a few were really representative. In landscape the two Lambinets are fine examples of the modern French school of landscape-painting. Vibert's "Index Expurgatorius," or "Forbidden Books," is a water-color, rich in depth and brilliancy of tone to a degree rare in water-colors. Here sits the cardinal, the judge of the moral world, actually enjoying "the forbidden

books'' — a powerful sarcasm on his office of guide and instructor. Vibert seems to delight in this sort of irony, and oftenest chooses my lord cardinal, in his red robes, wherewith to point his tale.

David Col's ''Dispute at Cards'' is one of the best of its kind, and attracts the attention of people uncultivated in art by its life and action, at the same time that it claims the admiration of the *connoisseur*. Our St Louis artists were well represented, and need not fear comparison with others. Mr. Tracy's ''Harvest Fields,'' ''Morning,'' ''Noon,'' and ''Evening;'' Mr. Meeker's ''Near the Têche;'' and Harry Chase's ''Chalk Cliff at Yport,'' are pictures of which the Future Great City may well be proud. Of the energy and good taste of the University Club in providing such an addition to their *soirée dansante* we cannot speak in too grateful terms. The effort was one which should call out our appreciation in such unmistakable terms that they may be induced to repeat it at future entertainments.

The St. Louis Social Science Association was organized in April, 1877, as a branch of the National Association, whose headquarters are at Boston. The aim of the society is very well expressed in the following extract from a circular setting forth the claims of the association upon public attention: ''Whatever concerns the welfare of any considerable class in the community comes within the scope of social science, which we interpret to mean a systematic investigation by rational methods of the problems of social well-being.'' The first public meeting was held in the hall of Washington University on the evening of May 25, 1877. A statement of the constitution and purposes of the Association was made by the president, Rev. T. M. Post, and a paper upon ''Beggars and Beggary'' was read by Rev. J. C. Learned, followed by discussion. At a meeting in November, 1877, the discussion upon the same subject was continued, and an open letter to the mayor of St. Louis, upon the tramp question, was read by Rev. W. G. Eliot. In February, 1878, a meeting was held for the annual election of officers, and to discuss the aspects in which the present temperance agitation should be regarded. For the remainder of the season have been arranged papers upon ''Near-sightedness in Schools,'' ''Civil Service Reform,'' ''Manual or Industrial Education,'' and, perhaps, on ''Homes for the People.'' This brief statement of facts may serve to indicate the nature of the

work which the Association proposes to do. St. Louis needs just such discussion upon these and kindred topics, and if the Social Science Association does nothing more than to arouse the public mind to the gravity of the questions which it discusses, it will do much for the city's welfare.

We take this opportunity of urging upon all thoughtful men and women interested in the true prosperity of St. Louis, and in the advancement of the cause of social science, to lend their support to this Association.

The Paris Exposition. — Preparations are already being made for representation at Paris, and it is to be hoped that our experience at Philadelphia may not have been wholly wasted. While personal interests form the greatest incentives to these international competitions, commercial profit is not the only result. Even in the nineteenth century the average man grows more rapidly by contact with improvements than by descriptions, however well managed. As we have not yet become extravagant through the liberality of our views, we may well congratulate the community upon any circumstance which may give us that large-mindedness which, after all, is the most permanently valuable result of the triumphs of commerce.

As commissioner to the Paris Exhibition our papers have made mention of Professor Waterhouse, and, as wishing the best interests of our city, we hope that his remarkable fitness may not prove an insuperable barrier to offering him the appointment. Professor Waterhouse is a man in public life ; so that, while observing his rights as an individual, we feel free to say that, by his unintermitting and valuable services in some of the important interests of our city, he has approved his fitness as trustee in any undertaking which requires, in addition to thorough business qualifications, those qualities which should distinguish the fully-educated man. Such an appointment would go further towards giving character to our representation than a whole package of legislative enactments labeled "Civil Service Reform." Our experience of the Vienna Exposition, however, is too fresh to relieve us of the fear lest politically well-connected incompetency shall be considered a higher test of merit than any services which the doer, student-like, has failed to convert into capital. It is because we feel called upon to cast our ballot upon all occasions that principles are at

stake, and not because we have any expectation of "executive clemency," that we make these suggestions.

Since the above was written the appointment has been offered to Professor Waterhouse, and the state of his health has forced him to decline the honor. We nevertheless insert the "note" as one expression of an opinion held by many of the recognition which the professor deserves from St. Louis.

Duties of Directors, Trustees, and Boards of Management. — The *Republican* makes some timely suggestions in connection with its remarks upon the late defalcation in the New York banks, and the same considerations may at once be carried further and applied to all incorporations. It seems to us that directors need to know their office, for ignorance of their proper functions necessitates that dependence which may make them the prey of designing men. Directors cannot undertake to manage those details which, from their nature and extent, are committed to the care of paid employés. Faith in trustworthy men is a final necessity; but any director may require an employé to explain his work, and can take measures to verify the results. In a library, for example, it would be futile for a director to learn by an intermittent effort those duties which absorb the energies of an equally able man, who, as librarian, devotes his whole abilities to the numerous details of his special calling. But, on the other hand, it is possible for directors, who use proper industry, to distinguish between reputation and competency; to listen to the librarian's explanations of the means which he employs and the ends at which he aims, and to judge of these; to understand, not only that account-books balance, but also that the expenses have been properly authorized, that they have been consonant to the policy of the board, and, in short, to test all results; so that through knowledge, and not through confidence in their agents, they shall indorse all measures carried into execution, and assume that personal responsibility for which they occupy their position of trust as directors. In bank management, also, a division of labor is necessary; the cashier and his subordinates must be intrusted with the execution of such policy as the board of directors may see best to adopt; but this independence is entirely consistent with such a supervision as shall satisfy each director, not only that the board has ordered things to be done, but that their orders have been properly carried out. In boards of educa-

tion it is futile for men to whom teaching is not a vocation to prescribe methods, but it ought to be possible for them to have an acquaintance with the work of their agents, and to base their legislation, not upon the single opinion of any one man, not upon the first chance thought when met by an unfamiliar problem, not upon the first unconsidered complaint of a resident of their ward, but upon their judgment founded upon the perhaps variant opinions of those who deal most directly with the problems. If they always proceeded in this spirit, they would, it seems to us, find abundant occupation, and attain results which would have the most permanent value. Boards of direction should, as boards, adopt policies which they are prepared to defend; they should then see that their ministers carry out these policies, and that they retain such a position as will enable them at any moment to satisfy themselves that the work is done as ordered, and to ascertain the excellencies and inconveniences which their policy has developed. In times not far in the past, tellers, at least, drew their salaries as the spirit moved them, and counted their personal vouchers as cash; such a method of "drawing ahead" cannot be supposed to have had the approval of a directory, and yet a matter of public notoriety seemed to escape their attention.

NOTICEABLE ARTICLES IN THE MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

American Journal of Science and Arts — *April.* — I. Surface Geology of Southwest Pennsylvania; J. J. Stevenson. II. The Driftless Interior of North America; J. D. Dana. III. The Ancient Outlet of the Great Salt Lake; G. K. Gilbert. IV. Projection of Microscope Photographs; J. C. Draper. V. Lower Silurian Fossils in Limestone, Associated with Hydromica Slates in Pennsylvania; F. Prime, Jr. VI. Influence of Temperature on the Optical Constants of Glass; C. S. Hastings. VII. Experiments with Floating Magnets; A. M. Mayer. VIII. Intrusive Nature of the Triassic Trap-Streets of New Jersey; J. C. Russell. IX. Absolute Unit of Electrical Resistance; H. A. Rowland. X. Croll's Hypothesis of the Origin of Solar and Sidereal Heat; D. Kirkwood. XI. Chemical Composition of Guanajuatite, a Selenide of Bismuth from Guanajuato; J. W. Mallet. XII. Janssen Solar Photograph and Optical Studies; S. P. Langley. XIII. Tree-like Fossil Plant, Glyptodendron, in the Upper Silurian Rocks of Ohio; E. W. Claypole.

Appleton's Journal. — *April.* — I. The American at Work; Cheese-making. II. About the Ballet. An article historical in character, and reviving recollections or traditions of Carnargo, Taglioni, Fanny Elssler, and others known to fame. III. New Ireland introduces us to the Social Changes going on in the Emerald Isle. IV. A Colloquy. And now in the dearth of topics for articles, poetry is thrown into the maelstrom of controversy, and either in editor's tables or in special articles we are constantly reminded of Bottom among the fairies. In this colloquy all distinction between prose and poetry is reduced to that of versification, and all who have lacked ability to create or appreciate the "poetical essence" are to be relieved by reducing the divine afflatus to a divine flatness. However, even in a period when learned physicists seriously propose to grasp by material means the immaterial; when they seem to have forgotten that physical science has attained its present estate as a means of investigating physical phenomena, and not as a means of argumentation; when they can seriously propose a praying congress to determine the efficacy of prayer; when we seem to be attempting to lower the divine in man to the level of the human, instead of elevating the human to the plane of the divine; in such a period we should, perhaps, expect such a carnival of human eccentricity, and hope from its violence a speedy exhaustion. V. By Celia's Arbor (continued). VI. John Keats and Fanny Browne. We are glad to see that, quite generally, this publication met with reproof for the invasion of the sanctity of private life. We have waited long to see some protest against an invasion to which our modern customs give too much support, and we trust the many present indications give a promise of that flow of the tide which shall sweep off the scum which collects at its ebb.

ATLANTIC—*April.*—I. Crude and Curious Inventions at the Centennial; Edward H. Knight. The subject of this paper is Furniture, Shoes, Toilette. II. Italy Revisited; Henry W. James, Jr. III. April Days; Extracts from the Journal of H. D. Thoreau. IV. Lincoln's Triumph in 1864; Gideon Welles. V. Americanisms; Richard Grant White. VI. The Russians on the Bosphorus. VII. The Lobby, its Cause and Cure; Arthur G. Sedgewick. VIII. A Persian Poet; T. B. Aldrich.

In the Contributors' Club is an account of discoveries made by the Royal Historical MS. Commission.

BLACKWOOD'S — *March.*—I. The North American Fisheries and the Halifax Commission. II. French Home Life. III. The Influence of Women. *April.*—I. Translations from Heine; Theodore Martin.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD — *April.*—I. The Preparation for Christianity in the Six Centuries before Christ. II. Regionalism *vs.* Political Unity in Italy. In this article the writer develops the danger to the national unity threatened by what is known in our own affairs as state sovereignty, and points out the fallacy of attributing too much to papal opposition. III. Among the Translators continues Virgil and Horace, as begun in the last issue. IV. Ralph Waldo Emerson is the title of an interesting and instructive article; for, while it is but little likely to earn the sympathies of those who read Emerson for themselves, it has a value alike in the stand-point of the writer and in stating blankly certain Emersonian defects sometimes overlooked by his disciples. V. Papal Elections furnishes us with information as to the procedure in such cases, and at the present moment will be likely to excite interest.

CONTEMPORARY — *April.* — I. Positivism on an Island; W. H. Mallock. II. Facts of Indian Progress; Morris Williams. III. Wife-Torture in England; Frances Power Cobbe. IV. John Stuart Mill's Philosophy Tested; W. Stanley Jervis (III. The Experimental Methods). V. The Miscarriage of Justice; Francis Peek. VI. Mr. Froude's Life and Times of Thomas Becket; Edward A. Freeman. VII. The Iris of Homer, and her Relation to Genesis; W. E. Gladstone. VIII. Future Punishment The Present State of the Question; Salmon, Tulloch, Brown, Arthur, Hunt, Jellett, White, and Littledale.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW — *March.*—The Future of Faith; W. H. Mallock. II. Modern Greece; J. P. Mahaffey. III. Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. G. H. Lewis: Their Application of the Doctrine of Evolution in Thought; Professor Green. Part 2. Mr. Spencer on the Independence of Matter. IV. The Abuse of Charity in London; W. Gilbert. V. Cardinal Manning's True Story of the Vatican Council; Professor Frederich. VI. Mr. Froude's Life and Times of Thomas Becket; Edward A. Freeman. VII. Contemporary Life and Thought; in Italy by Angelo de Gubernatis, and in France by Gabriel Monod.

EDINBURGH REVIEW — *January.*—I. The French in Indo-China. II. Correspondence of Charles Sumner. III. Titian. IV. Third Volume of the Life of the Prince Consort. V. Stanley's Discoveries, and the Future of Africa. VI. The Military Power of Russia. VII. Dr. Schliemann's Exploration of Mycenæ. VIII. Principles and Prospects of the Liberal Party.

FORTNIGHTLY — *March.* — I. Equality; Matthew Arnold. II. Lessing; R. W. Macan. III. The Strength of England; Farrer. IV. Whigs and Liberals; Goldwin Smith. V. Modern Japan; Sir David Wedderburn. VI. Théophile Gautier; George Saintsbury. VII. Ceremonial Government (III); Herbert Spencer.

Harper's Monthly. — *April.*

Under the title of the American Clyde we have a full description of ship-building as conducted at Chester, Pennsylvania. II. All are not familiar with our literary descriptions of Siena and the Sienese, so that the City of the Winds will form an agreeable introduction to the former glories of this city, and of the monuments of art which still exist to attest its faded splendor. III. The Electric Time Service is an article which will, it is to be hoped, prepare the way for the speedy realization of plans submitted long since to our citizens by Professor Woodward, of Washington University. IV. An article in a popular magazine is, perhaps, not the best means for the rational discussion of a social problem, but the Normal College of New York City may, nevertheless, serve to acquaint "the public" with the ordinary curriculum of such school life. Considering the extent to which a busy life makes us all measurably ignorant of many industries around us, it may be as well that we receive through a popular presentation the elements of any reasonable thought upon a topic of great present, as well as of great permanent, interest. After every one has contributed his quota to the confusion which now seems to reign in the public mind concerning matters of education, we shall, doubtless, under the influence of sober second thought, proceed to investigate before we decide. In the spirit of scientific investigation, it is in every way desirable that the whole subject of education should be gone over; that the ends aimed at, and the means used for their attainment, be wisely and strictly scrutinized; and, finally, that "the will of the people" should be definitely declared after (and not before) this has become the intelligent will of the real people, instead of the caprice of the political people. From this point of view we welcome all attempts to extend widely a knowledge of the facts in the case, although, in common with all sane students, we must protest against any attempt to reduce to a low level the complexities of a profound problem, instead of endeavoring to simplify results which, in their last statement, require some practical skill upon the part of those who are to sit in judgment. "The press" has become a name assumed alike by those papers, magazines, and journals which undertake to form sound opinions before inculcating any views, and by those "organs" which reflect the shadow of the last object which has fallen upon the editorial sight. To the former belong the real triumphs of "the press;" to the latter accrue most of the personal emoluments. V. Quite an effective sonnet, inscribed "To a Pioneer of Anti-slavery," forms part of the poetical contributions to the present number; it may be read with interest by those who do not share the poet's enthusiasm, for it is excellent as a sonnet, and valuable as descriptive of the views which are still forming an educational factor in the life of some of our people. VI. The Hartz Mountains have not been as fully "written up" as the Adirondacks, and, hence, "In the Heart of the Hartz" may lead some people to pass beyond the aspiration of the letters, and lead them to visit a very attractive part of Germany. VII. The old Flemish Masters are continued, and we have, for the second paper, Hubert and Jean Van Eyck. VIII. Milton's L'Allegro, illustrated by the London Etching Club. While we confess to no very extravagant estimate of the "Club's" work, we are glad for any excuse for bringing into the actual life of every-day people some acquaintance with classical English literature. IX. Aunt Keram-

mik's Art Studies is a little eddy in the current of house decorating which still threatens to substitute "the latest improvements" for conveniences which have approved themselves by use. The satire is quite clever, and the moral "will lie in its application." X. A New Departure in American Art. In this article we are told of the formation of a new association in New York City, which, insisting upon ignorance as the special defect of American art, proposes to attempt a remedy. The ideas entertained by the founders of this new institution seem to be identical with those promulgated by our own artist, J. M. Tracy (possibly, also, by others of our St. Louis artists), and this correspondence of view seems still further to justify the belief that we are about to witness "a new departure in American art." Incidentally, several of the schools of modern art are characterized, so that the many who are in search of this kind of aid will specially welcome the present article. XI. Our Indian Brothers is the title of a view, partly historical and partly political, of the Indian Question.

International Review — *January-February.* — I. Thiers; a Sonnet by J. G. Whittier. II. Elements of National Wealth; David A. Wells. III. The Second Harvest at Olympia; Ernst Curtius. IV. First Impressions of Athens; Edward A. Freeman. V. Sumner's Place in History; Ben Perley Poore. VI. Money and its Laws; W. G. Sumner. VII. Imperial Federalism in Germany; Von Holtzendorff. VIII. The Count of the Electoral Vote; Alexander H. Stephens. IX. Art in Europe; P. G. Hamerton.

March-April. — I. Reminiscences of Alexander H. Stephens *vs.* those of General Richard Taylor; Alexander H. Stephens. II. Elements of National Wealth; David A. Wells. III. The Method of Electing the President; T. M. Cooley and Abram S. Hewitt. IV. The Relation of Morality to Religion; A. Peabody. V. Silver in Art; E. C. Taylor. VI. Imperial Federalism in Germany; Von Holtzendorff. VII. New York, and its History; J. Watts de Peyster.

Journal of Speculative Philosophy — *January.* — I. Spencer's Definition of Mind; William James. II. Hegel on Symbolic Art; William M. Bryant. III. The Nation and the Commune; Theron Gray. IV. The Science of Education; Anna C. Brackett.

The Library Table — *March 30.* — I. Notes and Comments. II. Briefs on New Books. III. Reviews.

Lippincott's — *April.* — I. The Italian Lakes Illustrated. II. Try Norway. III. The Home of the Jaguar. IV. Recollections of Edward L. Davenport. V. Alexandre Dumas.

As from the nature of the case, and not from the peculiarities of the instruction, our "residuum" from an elementary course in geography is so small in quantity, and so poor in quality, papers upon travel, of which *Lippincott* always furnishes several of interest, have a special value.

The Literary World — *April.*

The general character of this monthly is similar to that of *The Library Table.* The present issue offers: I. Reviews (Adams' Dictionary of English Literature; Forman's Keats' Love Letters; Anstie's Uses of Wines; May's Democracy in Europe; Cook's Orthodoxy; Newcomb's Popular Astronomy;

Bascom's Comparative Psychology; Jenning's Country Walks in England; Works on Ceramics by Lockwood, Elliott, Di Cesnola, and Nichols; Walker's Money. Novels — Mrs. Burnett's Kathleen; Dolly; Ford's Ernest Quest; Sola's An American Girl, and her Four Years in a Boys' College; Stretton's Through a Needle's Eye; Marshall's Lady Alice; Duncan's My Intimate Friend; Cherbuliez' Meta-Holdenis; Haller's Renie and Franz; Gobineau's Romances of the East; Mirage; Champney's Bourbon Cities; The Wreck of the Grosvenor; The Honorable Miss Ferrard; Greville's Dosia; and Seola). II. "Pen Portraits" from the new novels. III. Editorials upon Art in Fiction, and Frothingham's Biography of Gerritt Smith. IV. Miscellany (an account of Mme. Greville, the novelist; Brief Biographies of Boyesen and Mrs. Corbin; Recent Caxtonean Discoveries on a choice of Shakespeares; Brief Notices of Recent Publications; Notes and Queries; and titles of selected articles from the magazines and reviews). It will be seen that *The Literary World* furnishes the kind of information most often wanted by general readers and book-buyers. Its reviews of books are usually satisfactory to those who wish to know the general character of works known only by title. Its Pen Portraits furnish an ingenious device for "sampling" new stories. Its Brief Biographies will supply wants which it is impossible to meet through the numerous dictionaries of biography; and its notes and queries put in the possession of the reader answers to many questions which, although relatively trifling, involve much irritation as the penalty of ignorance. The advertising columns seem to be used by publishing-houses for presenting quite full lists of their books, so that book-buyers will find this department of interest. *The Literary World* is relatively but little known in the West, and will, as we have said, repay any effort to form its acquaintance.

Littell. — 1758. I. A French Critic on Goethe; Matthew Arnold, in the *Quarterly Review*. II. An Oxford Lecture; by John Ruskin, in the *Nineteenth Century*. 1759. I. Shakespeare in France; *Nineteenth Century*. II. French Home Life, Religion; *Blackwood's*. 1760. I. Charles Sumner; *Westminster*. II. Constantinople, by James Bryce; *Macmillan's*. 1761. I. Dr. Schliemann's Explanation of Mycenæ; *Edinburgh Review*. II. The Education of Girls; *Westminster*. 1762. I. The Telephone; *Westminster*. 1763. I. Spinoza; *Nineteenth Century*. II. How the Turks Rule Armenia; *Nineteenth Century*. 1764. I. Florence and the Medici; *Fortnightly*. II. Spenser's Irish Rivers; *Fraser's*. 1765. I. Equality, by Matthew Arnold; *Fortnightly*. II. The English Language as Spoken and Written; F. W. Newman, in the *Contemporary*. III. On the Decay of Fine Manners; *Cornhill*.

Macmillan's — *March*. — I. German Views of Oxford and Cambridge.

The Nineteenth Century — *March*. — I. The Revenge, a Ballad of the Fleet, by Alfred Tennyson. This is "a new departure" for Mr. Tennyson, and one little likely to add to his fame. II. England as a Military Power in 1854 and in 1878; Sir Garnet Wolseley. III. Impressions of America; R. W. Dale. IV. Scotch Disestablishment and Papal Aggression; Charles Wordsworth. V. Spontaneous Generation; Tyndall.

April. — I. Russia and India; Colonel George Chesney. The writer endeavors to show the groundlessness of the popular fears in regard to British rule in India. II. The British Empire; Sir Julius Vogel. III. Can Jews be Patriots; Rabbi Adler. This is a defense of Jewish patriotism against

slurs which Rabbi Adler understands to be contained in an article of Goldwin Smith's, entitled England's Abandonment of the Protectorate of Turkey. IV. The Good and Evil of Examinations; Canon Barry. V. Virchow and the Teaching of Science; Clifford. The tenor of the article may be gathered from a single passage: "Before teaching any doctrine, wait until the nature of the evidence for it can be understood." VI. Impressions of America; R. W. Dale. The first article upon this subject has been noticed at some length under the *Popular Science Supplement;* this second contribution details Mr. Dale's impressions in regard to American politics. Mr. Dale has evidently been a student of American institutions, and, hence, his paper has a value not to be expected from the shortness of his visit. He says: "Though there are very few persons who seriously desire to see a monarchical form of government established in America, and fewer still who expect it, a distrust of popular institutions is far from uncommon among the wealthier and educated classes." We shall, at a future time, consider several suggestions made by Mr. Dale; for the present, we content ourselves with recommending others to acquaint themselves with it. VII. England's Policy at the Congress.

Popular Science Monthly. — *April.*

I. Evolution of Ceremonial Government, Part III, Mutilations; Herbert Spencer. In this paper Herbert Spencer traces the rise of mutilation in war from the idea of trophies, as presented in the last number. II. The Eucalyptus in the Future; Professor Samuel Lockwood. This is the title of an article calculated to interest and profit all students of tree life. III. Introduction and Succession of Vertebrate Life in America; O. C. Marsh. IV. The Wicked Weasel is the title of a popular presentation of some of the habits of this animal. V. The Dissipation of Energy; George Iles. In this article are stated certain objections to the generally received theories, and an inviting field for speculation is opened. VI. Professor C. S. Peirce continues his discussion of "Illustrations of the Logic of Science," and takes as his topic the Probability of Induction. VII. On Edison's Talking Machine; Alfred M. Mayer. In this article is presented a full account of Edison's invention, which is contrasted with the work of Faber and others. VIII. From the *Saturday Review* is presented an account of the Marpingen miracles, which, owing to the accidents of life, are at the present time being investigated legally, as well as scientifically and theologically, in Germany. IX. Under the title of The Source of Muscular Power is considered the results of experiments of Professor Flint. At a time when we are greatly interested to build up such physical force as will equip us for the strain of active life in the nineteenth century — when we are compelled to doubt the entire wisdom of our gymnastics — such investigations as the present should find many interested readers among our overworked men of business, whether professional or non-professional. The results of our experiments, so far, develop the disagreeable fact that much of our calisthenic exercise is, at least, entirely useless, as securing for us the physical condition required by the wants of our daily life. We want working power, and not merely muscular development; we want proper physical support for our nervous activity, and not mere increase of the animal nature, which we have to support. We want, upon the part of the teachers of physical culture, a sanity which can be derived only from a better defined knowledge of human physiology than is usually the portion of our gymnasts. X. W. E. Damon contributes a few valuable observations upon Living Corals, based upon

observations of specimens which he has. XI. From the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, J. Fitzgerald translates a brief article by M. Charles Richet. It is entitled Poisons of the Intellect — Chloroform — and constitutes a popular presentation of the modes of action of this anæsthetic.

Popular Science Supplement — *April.*

I. Equality; by Matthew Arnold, in the *Fortnightly Review*. This is a singular article, which urges, in so far as it urges anything, an equalization of property. II. Hell and the Divine Veracity; Lionel A. Tollemache, in the *Fortnightly Review*. A contribution to the controversy about the reality of a hell. The author's position is opposed to the popular belief. III. Spontaneous Generation; Tyndall, in the *Nineteenth Century*. IV. Claude Bérnard's The Definition of Life ; translated from the *Revue des Deux Mondes* by A. R. Macdonough. We are here presented with a review of the history of attempts to define life, and the writer makes his summation in the words of Descartes: "We think metaphysically, but we live and act physically." V. Impressions of America; by R. W. Dale, in the *Nineteenth Century*. This article has already been noticed among the contents of this magazine. VI. On the Origin of Reason; Max Müller, in the *Contemporary Review*. This is chiefly a review of the doctrines of Ludwig Noiré, but forms a brief history of mental philosophy; and Max Müller promises as a continuance his own views of "how the gradual development both of the material and of the frame-work of reason — the so-called categories — may be studied by means of an historical analysis of language." VII. The Law of Likeness, and its Working; Dr. Andrew Wilson, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. This is a popular presentation of the doctrine of heredity, with examples. VIII. Forest and Field Myths ; W. R. S. Ralston, in the *Contemporary Review* (and noticed under that title). IX. The Romance of Accident; *Chambers' Journal*. Many inventions and discoveries are traced to the accidents which called attention to them. X. Waste Substances; *Chambers' Journal*. The newspapers have given a wide circulation to this brief article.

Revue des Deux Mondes — *Fevrièr 15.* — I. George Sand, sa Jeunesse et ses débuts Littèraires, par M. Othenin d'Haussonville. II. L'Idee Moderne du Droit en France. III. Les Grands Ports de Commerce de la France. IV. Les Applications Scientifiques de la Photographie. V. Des Rapports de l'Economie Politique avec la Morale, le Droit, et la Politique. VI. Moeurs Financières de la France.

Mars 1er. — I. George Sand; d'Haussonville. II. Les Nouveux Ports ouverts de la Chiné. III. Les Applications Scientifiques de la Photographie; Radau. IV. Les Soucis de l'Allemagne; G. Valliert.

Scribner's — *April.* — I. How Lead Pencils are Made; Julius Wilcox. II. Two Saints of the Foot-Hills; Bret Harte. III. The Mosaic Creation and Modern Science; C. B. Warring. IV. Macramé Lace; Clarence Cook. V. The Telephone and the Phonograph; George B. Prescott.

The University Magazine — *March.*

I. Shelley's Life and Writings, Part II; W. M. Rossetti. As Part I dealt mainly with Shelley's personal biography, so Part II occupies itself with Shelley's literary biography. For this purpose Mr. Rossetti selects eight

poems: Queen Mab, Alastor, The Revolt of Islam, Julian and Maddalo, Prometheus Unbound, The Cenci, Epipsychidion, and The Triumph of Life. After an analysis which states the central idea of these poems, and a recognition of Shelley's defects, Mr. Rossetti proceeds "to endeavor to obtain some notion of that which constitutes Shelley's essential poetic quality and distinction." This distinction Mr. Rossetti considers to be "Imagination combined with Speculation, and both taking the form of Beauty." Further on in the article Mr. Rossetti characterizes Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Byron, and Keats. After a long period of misunderstanding, it would seem that Shelley's poems are finding admirers who can discriminate between the moral and intellectual crudities which so long rendered Shelley an object of aversion, and those rare poetical excellencies which will insure his poems an increasing and lasting recognition. II. The Other Half. Under this strange title the editor furnishes an interesting paper (to be followed by another) upon the topic of "The Archetypal State of Man, or Its Rehabilitation." A very pleasant trip through the ancients is, in the present number, summed up as follows: "Those to whom the physical life is still the happiest residence, if they keep themselves simple and pure, form sweet, wholesome, natural marriages, and are earthly representatives of the remote ideal far more truly than any dissatisfied wanderers, straining after present possibilities of completion. Of such is the replenishment of the world and its virtues — patience, sobriety, constancy, kindness, good repute." III. Contemporary Portraits. The third of this series is devoted to Professor Owen. IV. The Comedy of Creation; an Indian Poem from the Spanish, by Mariana Monteiro. This is a noticeably clever satire upon the "homunculus" and his triumphs. It is about time that the extravagant estimates of our philosophies should be tempered by what is called "negative criticism," and the author of this *jeu d ésprit* seems to have unusual fitness for the task. V. Home Side of a Scientific Mind. In this number is continued the article which was spoken of at length in our last issue. VI. A Student of the Fifteenth Century. Through the biography of John Butzbach we are made acquainted with the cost of an education in mediæval times, and we are furnished with another illustration of the incorruptibility of a "heaven-born nature." VII. On the Religious Imagination in the East; F. R. Conder. This article (to be completed in the April issue) is of interest to all, but of special value to those who are interested in determining the claims of the Orient. VIII. Middle-Class Destitution, Part II; Alsager Hay Hill. This opportune and able discussion of an important social question was fully considered in our last issue. In the first paper the author "endeavored to show how few and how narrow were the outlets provided by the principal professions most in vogue amongst the sections of society affected by our inquiry." In the present article he passes to the "consideration of the subject in its bearing upon women, the phenomena of which are still more ghastly and portentous." These articles should be carefully considered by those to whom we must look for the solution of our most pressing social problems.

We renew our congratulations to the editor upon the tone of the magazine in its new form. It seems to us that we have again arrived at a period of transition when it is of the last importance that those whose views are unaffected by any interest except the desire to ascertain the truth should lend

their efforts to bring order out of confusion. The editor of the University magazine, as we have before remarked, evinces a sanity of thought which ought to insure for his magazine the influence which "the press" should exert, when it ceases to pander to the desires of its audience, and assumes to rationalize the hasty and passionate views of ignorant readers.

Nord und Sued. — Band 4, Heft 12. Tödtliche Fehde; Eine Skizze von Rud. Lindau. Arnold Böcklin; von Fr. Pech, (with portrait.) Centralasien und China; von Georg Gerland. Die Entstehung der Hanse; von Fr. Frensdorff. Zur Philosophie der Gegenwart; Betrachtungen von Jürgen Bona Meyer, (I. Der Materialismus.) Wieder einmal über die Mode; von Fr. Vischer.

Band 5. — Untrennbar; Novelle von Adolf Wilbrandt. Zur Geschichte der italienischen Kunst; von Leopold von Ranke. Der medicinische und der religiöse Dualismus; von I. Hende. Die moderne Gesetzgebung gegenüber der Waarenfälschung; von H. Wiener. Ueber die Bedeutung der Blumen; von A. de Bary, in Strassburg. (With portrait of L. von Ranke.)

Die Gegenwart (Editor: Paul Lindau). No. 6. — Die Organisation des europäischen Staatenvereins; von Bluntschli. Literatur und Kunst: Ueber den Ursprung der Sprache; von Ludw. Noire — Besprochen von G. S. Vom Don zur Donau; Neue Culturbilder aus "Halb-Asien," von Karl Emil Franzos—Besprochen von Fritz Mauthner. Gesellschaftliches und Privateigenthum als Grundlage der Socialpolitik; von Adolf Samter — Besprochen von Walter Rogge. De Zweep: Weekblad voor de Haamsche Bewegung; von Klaus Groth. Vermischtes: Die Quelle des "Gang nach dem Eisenhammer;" von Adolf Rümelin. Aus der Hauptstadt: Natalie; Schauspiel in 3 Aufzügen, von Adolf Wilbrandt — Besprochen von Paul Lindau.

No. 7. — Die Reform des Kriegs-Seerechts und die seerechtliche Declaration des Pariser Congresses; von L. Gessner. Die östreichische Ministerkrisis; von Walter Rogge. Literatur und Kunst: Stimmungsbilder; von Amadeus Klingsohr. Homo Sum; Roman von Georg Ebers — Besprochen von Paul Nerrlich. Ein Ausflug nach Levsina; von Hermann Jänicke. "Die verhängnissvolle Perrücke;" Besprochen von Paul Lindau. Aus der Hauptstadt: Aus dem Conzert-Saale; von H. Ehrlich.

No. 8. — Werden wir Communisten? von H. von Scheel. Die Organisation des europäischen Staatenvereins (Der Plan Lorimers); von Bluntschli. Hof und Welt; von H. M. Literatur und Kunst: Bemerkungen über das französische Theater in der Gegenwart; von Paul Lindau. Die Reiher; Roman von Balduin Möllhausen — Besprochen von Bernhard Wagener. Bachschisch; von Murad Efendi. Aus der Hauptstadt: Die Berliner Tizian-Ausstellung; von Ludwig Pietsch.

No. 9. — Rönnes "Staatsrecht des deutschen Reichs;" von Karl Braun. Die Organisation des europäischen Staatenvereins; von Bluntschli. Literatur und Kunst: Göthe und Friedrich II.; von Daniel Jacoby. Tizians Leben und Werke; von W. Luebke. Essays von Hans Hopfen; Besprochen von Eugen Zabel. Bemerkungen über das französiche Theater in der Gegenwart; von Paul Lindau.

No. 10. — Die innere Politik Russlands in den Jahren 1815–1818; von Immanuel Rosenstein. Literatur und Kunst: Pedro Antonio de Alarcon; von Wilhelm Lauser. Göthe und Friedrich II.; von Daniel Jacoby. Nur ein Neger; von Hermann Soyaux. Aus der Hauptstadt: Gabriele; Schauspiel in 4 Aufzuegen, von Hugo Bürger — Besprochen von Paul Lindau. In Sachen des "Pralltrillers;" von H. Ehrlich.

No. 11. — Ledru Rollin; von Karl Blind. Die innere Politik Russlands in den Jahren 1815–1818; von Immanuel Rosenstein. Literatur und Kunst: Zwei sicilianische Belletristen: von Heinrich Breitinger. Das Mädchen

von Byzanz; Trauerspiel in 5 Aufzügen, von Heinrich Kruse — Besprochen von Paul Lindau. Malerisches aus Irvings Skizzenbuch; von Karl Theodor Gädertz.

No. 12. — Chronik der Orientdinge bis zum Frieden von S. Stefano. Schillers Briefträger; von Otto Runk. Zur Entstehungsgeschichte des Byron "Schumann'schen Manfred;" von Rud. Genée. Zwei sicilianische Belletristen; von Hr. Breitinger. Aus der Hauptstadt: Tiberius; Tragödie in 5 Acten, von Jul. Grosse — Gastspiel von Th. Lobe am Residenztheater — Besprochen von Paul Lindau.

Literaturblatt. 4. Heft, II. Jahrgang. — Tirols Antheil an der Literatur des deutschen Volkes; Eine literarhistorische Studie, von I. G. Obrist. Beiträge zur deutschen Literaturgeschichte. Flucht und Rückkehr; Drama von Moriz Schleifer. Otto Ludwig und seine Schiller-Kritik; von J. Minor. Deutsche Einflüsse auf das alte russische Theater; von Johann Neubauer. Kritische Rundschau: A. Berger, Gedichte; von A. E. G. Ebers, Homo sum; von Paul Nerrlich. B. H. Haller; von A. E. Fr. Hoffmann, Geschichte der Inquisition; von Carl von Gebler. Notizen. Zeitschriften. Miscellen. Bibliographie.

Heft 5. — Carl Simrock; von Dr. I. E. Wackernell. Beiträge zur deutschen Literaturgeschichte. Aus Fr. Hebbel's Briefwechsel mit Fr. von Uechtritz. Kleist's "Hermannsschlacht" und die Meiniger; von Jul. Duboc. Berichte über englische Literatur; von Leopold Katscher. Kritische Rundschau: H. Lorm, Neue Gedichte. G. Keller, Züricher Novellen. K. Elze, Abhandlungen zu Shakespeare. W. Paugerl, Das Buch der Malerzeche in Prah. K. Bauer, Aus meinem Bühnenleben.

Heft 6. — Eduard Feutsch (Frater Hilarius); von Ludwig Steub. Tirols Antheil an der deutschen Nationalliteratur; von I. G. Obrist. Beiträge zur deutschen Literaturgeschichte. Aus Fr. Hebbel's Briefwechsel mit Fr. von Uechtritz. Carl Simrock; von Dr. J. E. Wackernell. Kritische Rundschau: J. Wolff, Der wilde Jäger. R. Reichenau, Aus unseren vier Wänden. O. von Leixner, Die moderne Kunst und die Ausstellungen der Berliner Akademie. H. Contzen, Geschichte der socialen Frage. Notizen, etc.

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